



ABHubbard

Digitized by the Internet Archive in 2007 with funding from Microsoft Corporation





# LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

## RICHARD WAGNER

Vol. VIII. JANUARY, 1901. No. 1. By ELBERT HUBBARD



Single Copies, 25 cents By the Year, \$3.00

# Little Journeys

to the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

By ELBERT HUBBARD

## Series of 1901

The subjects will be in the following order:

- I. WAGNER
- 2. PAGANINI
- 3. CHOPIN
- 4. MOZART
- 5. BACH
- 6. MENDELSSOHN

- 7. LISZT
- 8. BEETHOVEN
- g. HAYDN
- 10. SCHUBERT
- 11. VERDI
- 12. SCHUMANN

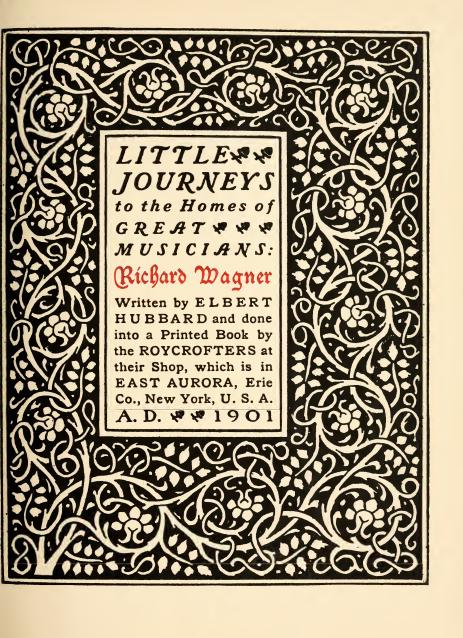
One booklet a month will be issued as usual, beginning January 1st.

The LITTLE JOURNEYS for 1901 will be strictly de luxe in form and workmanship. The type will be a new set of antique black face; the initials designed especially for this work; a frontispiece photogravure portrait from the original drawing made at our shop in each on Japan Vellum. The booklets stitched by hand with silk.

The price—25 cents each, or \$3.00 for the year.

## THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.

Entered at the Postoffice at East Aurora, New York, for transmission as second-class mail matter. Copyright, 1901, by Elbert Hubbard.



128013B

Was ever work like mine created for no purpose? Am I a miserable egotist, possessed of stupid vanity? It matters not, but of this I feel positive; yes, as positive as that I live, and that is, my Tristan and Isolde, with which I am now consumed, does not find its equal in the world's library of music. Oh, how I yearn to hear it; I am feverish; I am worn. Perhaps that causes me to be agitated and anxious, but my Tristan has been finished now these three years and has not been heard. When I think of this I wonder whether it will be with this as with Lohengrin, which now is thirteen years old, and is still dead to me. But the clouds seem breaking, they are breaking—I am going to Vienna soon. There they are going to give me a surprise. It is supposed to be kept a secret from me, but a friend has informed me that they are going to bring out Lohengrin.

-Wagner in a letter to Praeger.



## RICHARD WAGNER







Richard Wagner



Y heart warms to the melancholy RICHARD Jacques, who dedicated his book to WAGNER his mother-in-law, "my best friend, who always came when she was needed & never left so long as there was work to do." Absurd and silly people make jokes about mothers-inlaw, step-mothers and step-fathers -we will none of this. Richard Wagner's step-father was his patient, loving and loyal friend.

The father of Wagner died when the child was six months old. The mother, scarcely turned thirty, had a brood of seven, no money and many debts. There is trouble for you -ye silken perfumed throng, who nibble cheese-straws, test the hyson when it is red, and discuss the heartrending aspects of the servant-girl problem to the lascivious pleasings of a lute!

But the widow Wagner was not cast down to earth-she resolved on keeping her family together, caring for them all as best she could. The suggestion from certain kinsmen that the children should be given out for adoption was quickly vetoed. The

RICHARD fine spirit of the woman won the admiration of a worthy WAGNER actor, in slightly reduced circumstances, who had lodgings in the house of the widow. This actor, Ludwig Geyer by name, loved the widow and all of the brood and he proposed that they pool their poverty.

> And so before Mrs. Wagner had been a widow a twelve-month they were married.

> In this marriage Gever seemed to be moved to a degree by the sentiment of friendship for his friend, the deceased husband. Geyer was a man of many virtuesamiable, hopeful, kind. He had the artistic temperament without its faults. To writers of novels, in search of a very choice central character, Ludwig Geyer affords great possibilities. He was as hopeful as Triplett and a deal more versatile. The histrionic art afforded him his income of eleven dollars a week; but painting was his forte-if he only had time to devote to the technique! Yet all the arts being one he had written a play; he also modeled in clay and sang tenor parts as understudy to the great Schudenfeldt. Hope, goodcheer and a devotion to art were the distinguishing features of Mein Herr Geyer.

> All this was in the city of Leipsic; but Herr Geyer becoming a member of the Court Theatre the family moved to Dresden where at this time lived one Weber, a composer, who used to walk by the Geyer home and occasionally stop in for a little rest. At such times one of the children would be sent out with a pitcher, and the great composer and Herr Geyer would in fancy

roam the realm of art and Herr Geyer would impart RICHARD to Herr Weber valuable ideas that had never been used. WAGNER The little boy, Richard, used to cherish these visits of Weber, and would sit and watch for hours for the coming of the queer old man in the long grey cloak.

The storks, one fine day, brought Richard a little sister. He was scarce two years older than she. These two sort of grew up together, and were ever the special pets of Herr Geyer, who used to take them to the theatre and seat them on a bench in the wings where they could watch him lead the assault in the "Pirate's Revenge."

Richard regarded his step-father with all the affection that ever a child had for its own parent; and until he was twenty-one was known to the world as Richard Wilhelm Geyer.

The comparison of Ludwig Geyer with Triplett is hardly fair, for Geyer's fine effervescence and hopeful, rainbow-chasing qualities were confined to early life. As the years passed he settled down to earnest work and achieved a considerable success both as an actor and a painter. The unselfish quality of the man is shown in that his income was freely used to educate the Wagner children. He was sure that Richard had the germ of literary ability in his mental make-up, and his ambition was that the boy should become a writer. But alas! Geyer did not live long enough to know the true greatness of this child he had fostered and befriended

RICHARD Unlike so many musicians Richard was not precocious. WAGNER He was slow, thoughtful and philosophic; and music did not attract him so much as letters. Incidentally he took lessons in music with his other studies, and his first teacher, Gottleib Muller, has left on record the statement that the boy was "self-willed and eccentric, and not fluid enough in spirit to succeed in music."

The mother of Wagner seems to have been a woman of marked mentality-not especially musical or poetic, but possessing a fine appreciation of all good things, and best of all, she had common sense. She very early came to regard Richard as her most promising child, and before he was ten years of age, said to a friend. "Richard will be able to succeed at anything he concentrates his mind upon."

The truth of the remark has often been reiterated. The youth was superb in his mental equipment-strong, capable, independent. Had he turned his attention to any other profession, or any branch of art or science, he could have probed the problem to its depths, and made his mark upon the age in which he lived.

In height Wagner was a little under size, but his deep chest, well set neck, and large shapely head gave him a commanding look. In physique he resembled the "big little men" like Columbus, Napoleon, Aaron Burr, Alexander Hamilton and John Bright-men born to command, with ability to do the thinking for a Nation. & It's magnificent to be a great musician, and many musicians are nothing else, but it is better to be a man

than a musician. Richard Wagner was a man. Envi- RICHARD ronment forced literature upon his attention, he desired WAGNER to be a great poet. He wrote essays, stories, quatrains, epics. Chance sent Beethoven within his radius, and he became filled with the melody of the master. Young men of this type, full of the pride of youth, over-flowing with energy, search for a something on which to try their steel. Wagner could write poetry, that was sure, and more, he could prepare the score and set his words to music. He fell upon the work like one possessed—and he was. To his amazement the difficulties of music all faded away, and that which before seemed like a hopeless task, now became luminous before the heat of his spirit.

Nothing is difficult when you put your heart in it.

The obstacles to be overcome in setting words to sounds were like a game of chess-a pleasing diversion. In a month he knew as much of the science of music as many men did who had grubbed at the work a life-time. "The finances! Get your principles right and then 't is a mere matter of detail, requiring only concentration— I will arrange it," said Napoleon.

Wagner focused on music, yet here seems a good place to say that he never learned either to play the piano or sing. He had to trust the "details" to others. Yet at twenty he led an orchestra. Soon after he became Conductor of the Opera at Magdeberg.

In some months more he drifted to Konigsberg and there acted as Conductor at the Royal Theatre. In the RICHARD company of this theatre was a young woman by the WAGNER name of Wilhelmina Planer. Wagner got acquainted with her across the footlights. She was young, comely and all that—they became engaged.

Shortly after, one moonlight night, in response to her merry challenge, they rang up the pastor of the "Dom" and were married. They got acquainted afterward.





T is a fact that Wagner's impru- RICHARD dent marriage at twenty-three WAGNER years of age has been much regretted & oft lamented."What," say the Impressionable Ones. "oh, what could he not have accomplished with a proper mate!" It is very true that Minna Planer had no comprehension of the genius of her husband; that

her two feet were always flatly planted on earth, and her head never reached the clouds; and true it is that she was a weary weight to him for the twenty-five years they lived together. Still, men grow strong by carrying burdens; and we must remember that Wagner was what he was on account of what he endured and suffered. Wagner expressed himself in his art, and all great art is simply the honest, spontaneous, individual expression of soul-emotion. Had Wagner's emotions been different he would have produced a totally different sort of art. That is to say, if Wagner in his youth had loved and wedded a woman who was capable of giving his soul peace we would have had no Wagner; we would have had some one else, and therefore a totally different expression, or no expression at all. Probably the man would have been quite content to be a village Kapellmeister. His life being reasonably complete his spirit would not have roamed the Universe crying for rest. The ideals of his wife were so low and

RICHARD commonplace that she influenced his career by antithe-WAGNER sis. His soul was a-hungered for the bread of life, and stones were given him in way of the dull, the ugly, the affected, the smug, the ridiculous. Wagner's life was a revolt from the ossified commonplace, a struggle for right adjustment-a heart tragedy. And all this reaching out of the spirit, all the prayers, hopes, fears and travail of his soul are told and told again in his poetry and in his music.

All art is autobiography.

Minna Planer was amiable and kind, but the frantic effort she made at times, in public, to be profound or chic must have touched the great man on the raw. He sought, however, to protect her, and at public gatherings used to keep near her in order that she should not fall into the clutches of some sharp-witted enemy and be lead on into unseemliness of speech. The scoffs of critics and the ready-made gibes and jeers of the mob were to her gospel truth; her husband's genius was a vagary to be stoutly endured. So for many years she was inclined to pose as one to be pitied—and so she was. That she suffered at times cannot be denied, but God is good, and so has put short limit on the sensibilities of the vain.

But Wagner would never tolerate an unkind word spoken of Minna in his presence, and once rebuked a friend who sought to console him by saying, "Never mind. Minna lives her life the best she can, and expresses the thoughts that come to her-what more do

you and I do?" And in his later years when calm RICHARD philosophy was his, he realized that Minna Planer WAGNER had supplied him a stinging discontent, a continued unrest that formed the sounding board on which his sorrow and his hope and his faith in the Ideal were echoed forth.

Love is the recurring motif in all of Wagner's plays. A man and woman, joined by God, but separated by unkind condition, play their parts and our hearts are made by the master to vibrate in sympathy with the central idea. Only a broken-hearted man could have conjured forth from his soul such couples as these: Senta and the Dutchman, Elizabeth and Tannhauser, Elsa and Lohengrin, Tristan and Isolde, Walter and Eva, Siegmund and Sieglinde, Siegfried and Brunhilde.

Wagner's unhappy marriage forms the keynote of his art. Every opera he wrote depicts a soul in bonds. From "The Flying Dutchman" to "Parsifal" we are

shown the struggle of a strong man with cruel Fate; a reaching out for liberty and light; the halting between duty and inclination; and the endless search for a woman who shall give deliverance through her abiding love and faith.



### RICHARD WAGNER



LL art seems controlled by fad and fashion. No fashion endures, else 't were not fashion, & in its character the fad is essentially transient. Still we need not rail at fashion; it is a form of periodicity, and periodicity exists throughout all nature. There are day & night, winter & summer, equinox & solstice,

work & rest, years of plenty and years of famine. Comets return, and all fashions come back. Keep your old raiment long enough and it will be in style.

All things move in an orbit, even theories and religions. Certain forms of fanaticism come with the centuries every new heresy is old. All extremes cure themselves, for when matters get pushed to a point where the balance of things is in danger of being disturbed, a Reformer appears and utters his stentorian protest. This man is always ridiculed, hooted, reviled, mobbed & very happy indeed is his fate if he is hanged, crucified or made to drink of the deadly hemlock; for then his place in the affection of men is made secure, sealed with blood, and we proclaim him liberator or savior. The Piazza Signora is sacred soil because there it was that Savonarola died; John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on; J. Wilkes Booth linked his own name with that of Judas Iscariot and made his victim known to the Ages

as the Emancipator of Men & These strong men, sent RICHARD at the pivotal points in history, are born out of a sore WAGNER need—they are sent from God. Yet strong men always exist, but it is the needs of the hour that develop & bring them to our attention. Not always have the Reformers been fortunate in their takings off-many have lingered out lengthening, living deaths in walled-up cells. The Bastille, Chillon, London Tower, that prison joined to a palace by the Bridge of Sighs, and all other such plague-spots of blood are haunted by the ghosts of infamy. Before the memory of all those who wrote immortal books behind grated bars we stand uncovered. Exile has been the lot of many who tried to live for sanity, justice and truth when mad riot raged. Dante, Victor Hugo, Prince Kropotkin and Wagner are types to which we turn. Then there is an attenuated form of persecution known as ostracism which consists in being exiled at home, but of this it is not worth while to speak

Wagner was a strong, honest man who simply desired to express his better self. The elements of caution and expediency were singularly lacking in his character. These qualities of independence and self-reliance brought him into speedy collision with those who stood in the front rank of the artistic world of his day, and he became a marked man. His offense was that he expressed his honest self.

In 1843, when he appeared upon the scene in Dresden as Hofkapellmeister of the Royal Theatre, matters

RICHARD musical were just about where the stage now is in WAGNER America. In this Year of Grace, 1901, Shakespeare has been elbowed from the stage by the author of "A Texas Steer; " & where once the haughty Richard trod the boards, the skirt dance assumes the centre of the stage and looms lurid like the spirit of Brocken. Recently a vaudeville "turn" of Hamlet has been presented, where the grave-diggers do their gruesome tasks to ragtime; and on every hand we behold the Lyceum giving way to the McClure Continuous, Lim.

> Wagner abhorred the mere tune for the sake of tune. "You cannot produce art and leave man out," he said. All art must suggest something, mere verbal description is not literature, it is only words, words, words; a picture must be charged with soul, otherwise a photograph would outrank "The Angelus." Music must be more than jingling tunes and mincing sounds. And thus we find Wagner at thirty years of age boldly putting forth the "Flying Dutchman," with music not written for the text, nor text written for the music, but words and music created at the same time—the melody mirroring forth the soul of the words.

> In this play Wagner for the first time sacrificed every precedent of musical construction and all thought of symmetrical form in order to make the music tell the tale. "The Flying Dutchman" is to opera what Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" is to poetry, or Millet's "Sower" is to painting. There is strength, heroic strength, in each of these master-pieces I have named,

but the "Dutchman" needs a listener, "Leaves of RICHARD Grass" requires a reader who has experienced, & the WAGNER "Sower" demands one who has eyes to see, before its lesson of love and patience and the pathetic truth of endless toil are bodied forth.

Whitman's book was well looked after by the local
Antonius Ash-box Inspector of the day, its publication forbidden and the author incidentally deprived of his clerkship at Washington;
Jean Francois Millet did service as the butt for jokes of artistic Paris, and was dubbed "The Wild Man;" Wagner's play was hooted off the stage.



### RICHARD WAGNER



VERY man is but a type representing his class. Of course the class may be small and one man may even be the sole living representative of it; but Wagner had his double in William Morris. These men were brothers in temperament, physique, habit of thought and occupation.

Wagner wrote largely on the subjects of Art and Sociology, and made his appeal for the toiler in that the man should be allowed to share the joys of Art by producing it. His argument is identical with that of William Morris; and yet the essays of Wagner were not translated into English until after Morris had written his "Dream of John Ball," and Morris did not read German

Both men hark back to a time when Man and Nature were on friendly terms; when the thought, best exemplified by the early Greeks, of the sacredness of the human body was recognized; when the old mediæval feeling of helpful brotherhood yet lingered; & the restless misery of competition and all the train of woe, squalor and ugliness that "civilization" has brought were unknown.

Wagner's music is made up of the sounds of Nature conventionalized. You hear the sighing of the breeze, the song of the birds, the cries of animals, the rush

of the storm. Wagner's essay, entitled "Art and Rev-RICHARD olution" is twin to the lecture "Art and Socialism," WAGNER by Morris; and in the "Art-Work of the Future" Wagner works out at length the favorite recurring theme of Morris: work is for the worker, and art is the expression of man's joy in his work.

In 1844, when Morris was ten years of age, Wagner wrote, "I compose for myself; it is just a question between me and my Maker. I grow as I exercise my faculties, and expression is a necessary form of spiritual exercise. How shall I live? Express what I think or feel, or what you feel? No, I must be honest and sincere. I must, for the need of myself, live my own life, for work is for the worker, at the last. Each man must please himself, and Nature has placed her approbation on this by supplying the greatest pleasure men ever know as a reward for doing good work. I hate this fast growing tendency to chain men to machines in big factories and deprive them of all joy in their efforts—the plan will lead to cheap men and cheap products. I set my face against it and plead for the dignity and health of the open air, and the olden time."

This sort of talk led straight to Wagner's arrest in the streets of Dresden on the charge of inciting a riot; and it was the identical line of argument that caused the arrest of Morris in Trafalgar Square, London, when he was taken struggling to the station house.

Wagner was exiled and Morris merely "cautioned," placed under police surveillance and ostracized. The RICHARD difference in time explains the difference in punish-WAGNER ment. A century earlier and both men would have forfeited their heads.

> In all of Wagner's operas the scene is laid at a time when the festivals, games and religious ceremonies were touched with the thought of beauty. Men were strong, plain, blunt & honest. Affectation, finesse, pretence and veneer were unknown. Art had not resolved itself into the possession of a class of idlers and dilettantes who hired long-haired men and fussy girls in Greek gowns to make pretty things for them. All worked with their hands, through need, and when they made things they worked for utility and beauty. They gave things a beautiful form, because men and women worked together, and for each other. And wherever men and women work together we find Beauty. Men who live only with other men are never beautiful in their work, or speech, or lives, neither are women. But at this early time life was largely communal, natural, and Art was the possession of all, because all had a share in its production. Observe the setting of any Wagner opera where Mr. Walter Damrosch has his way & get that flavor of bold, free, wholesome, honest Beauty. And yet no stage was ever large enough to quite satisfy Wagner, and all the properties, if he had had his way, would have been works of Art, thought out in detail and materialized for the purpose by human hands 252

> Now turn to "The Story of the Glittering Plain,"

"Gertha's Lovers," "News from Nowhere" or "The RICHARD Hollow Land," by William Morris, and note the same WAGNER stage setting, the same majesty, dignity and sense of power. Observe the great underlying sense of joy in life, the gladness of mere existence. A serenity and peace pervades the work of both of these men; they are mystic, fond of folk-lore and legend; they live in the open, are deeply religious without knowing it, have nothing to conceal, and are one with Nature in all her moods and manifestations—sons of God!



### RICHARD WAGNER



N the history of letters there is a writer by the name of Green, who exists simply because he reviled a contemporary poet by the name of Shakespeare. The name of Green is embalmed in immortal amber with that of Richard Quiney, who wrote a letter to the author of "The Tempest" begging the favor of

a loan of forty pounds.

There are several ways of winning fame. Joseph Jefferson has written in classic style of Count Johannes and James Owen O'Conner, who played "Hamlet" to large and enthusiastic audiences, behind a wire screen; then there was John Doe, who fired the Alexandrian Library, and Richard Roe, the man who struck Billy Patterson. Besides these we have the Rev. Obediah Simmons of Nashville, Tenn., who in 1860 produced a monograph proving that negroes had no souls, the value of which work, to be sure, is slightly vitiated when we remember that the same arguments were used in 1701 by Bishop Volberg in showing that women were in a like predicament.

And now Mr. Henry I. Frick has compiled a list of over one hundred names of musical critics who placed themselves on record in opposition to Richard Wagner and his music. Only such men as proved themselves past masters in density and adepts in abuse are given

a place in this Academy of Immortals & No writer, RICHARD musician or artist who ever lived brought down on WAGNER his head an equal amount of contumely and disparagement as Richard Wagner. Turner, Millet and Rodin have been let off lightly compared with the fate that was Wagner's; and even the shrill outcry that was raised in Boston at sight of MacMonnies' Bacchante was a passing zephyr to the storm that broke over the head of Wagner in Paris, when after one hundred and sixteen rehearsals "Tannhauser" was produced was

The derisive laughter, catcalls, shouts, hisses and uproar that greeted the play were only the shadow of the criticisms that filled the daily press, done by writers who mistook their own anserine limitations for inanity on part of the composer. They scorned the melody they could not appreciate, like men who deny the sounds they cannot hear; or those who might revile the colors they could not distinguish. And worse than all this, the aristocratic hoodlums refused to allow any one else to enjoy, and would not tolerate the thought that that which to them was "jumbling discord, seven times confounded" might be a succession of harmonies to one whose perceptions were more fully developed

Wagner himself only escaped personal violence by discreetly keeping out of sight. The result of the Paris experiment was that the poor man lost nearly a year's time, all of his modest savings were gone, creditors RICHARD dogged his footsteps, and the unanimous tone of the WAGNER critics, for a time, almost made him doubt his own sanity. What if the critics were really right?

And this, we must remember, was in 1861, when Wagner, was forty-eight years of age.

That even a strong man should doubt his value when he finds a world of learned men arrayed against him is not strange. Every man who works in a creative way craves approbation. Someone must approve. After the first fever of ecstacy there comes the reaction, when the pulse beats slow and the mind is filled with doubt and melancholy. This desire for approval is not a weakness—it seems to stand as a natural need of every human soul. When the great Peg Woffington played, you remember, she begged Sir Henry Vane to stand in the wings so to meet her when she came off the stage, take her in his arms just for an instant, kiss her on the forehead and say, "Well done!"

Shallow people may smile at such a scene as this, but those who have delved in the realm of creative art know this fervent need of a word of encouragement from One who Understands.

The one man who held the mirror up to nature for Wagner was Franz Liszt. Were it not for the steadfast love and faith of this noble soul Wagner must surely have fallen by the way. Wagner worked first to please himself, and having pleased himself he knew it would please Franz Liszt, and having pleased Franz Liszt he knew it would please all those as great, noble,

excellent and pure in heart as Franz Liszt. To speak RICHARD to an audience made up of such as Liszt and have WAGNER them approve was the sublime dream and hope of Richard Wagner.

Some of the enemies of Wagner, having placed themselves on record against the man, have sought to make out that Wagner and Liszt often quarreled, but this canard has now all been exploded. Such another friendship between two strong men I cannot recall. That of Goethe and Schiller seems a mere acquaintanceship, and the friendship of Carlyle and Emerson a literary correspondence with an eye on posterity, as compared with this bond of brotherhood that existed between Wagner and Liszt.

During the ten years of Wagner's exile in Switzerland he received barely enough from his work in music to support him, and several times he would have been in sore need were it not for the "loans" made him by Liszt. He did not even own a piano, and never heard his scores played, excepting when Liszt made a semiyearly visit. At such times a piano would be borrowed and the friends would revel in the new scores, and occasionally talk the entire night away.

When Liszt would go home after such visits, Wagner would go off on long tramps, climbing the mountains, lonely and bereft, sure that the mood for high and splendid work would never come again. Then some morning the mist would roll away, the old spirit would come back and he would apply himself with all the

RICHARD intense fire and burning imagination of which his spirit WAGNER was capable.

> When the score was done it was sent straight to Liszt, before the ink was dry.

> The "Lohengrin" manuscript was sent along in parts, and Liszt was the first man to interpret it. On one such occasion we find Liszt writing:

> "Your Walkure has arrived-and gladly would I sing to you with a thousand voices your Lohengrin Chorus -a wonder, a wonder! Dearest Richard, you are surely a divine man! and my highest joy is to follow you in your flight and be one with you in spirit."

> On this occasion when the "Lohengrin Chorus" first found voice, the only auditor was the Princess von Wittgenstein, who added a postscript to Liszt's letter, thus: "I wept bitter tears over the scene between Siegmund & Sieglinde! This is beautiful—like heaven, like earth,—like eternity!" Was ever a woman so blest in privilege? to be the near, dear friend of Franz Liszt and hear him play the music of Richard Wagner from the manuscript, and then to add her precious word of appreciation for the work of the weary exile! The quotation given is only a sample of the messages that Liszt was constantly sending to his exiled friend. And we must understand that at this time Liszt had a world-wide reputation as a composer himself, and was the foremost pianist of his time. And Wagner-Wagner was only an obscure dreamer, with a penchant for writing erratic music!

The "Lohengrin" was produced at Weimar under the RICHARD leadership of Liszt, but even his magic name could not WAGNER make the people believe—the critics had their way and wrote it down.

Yet Liszt lived to see the name of Wagner proclaimed as the greatest contemporary name in music; and he was too great & good to allow jealousy to enter his great soul. Yet he knew that as a composer his own work was quite lost in the shadow of the reputation of his friend. At a banquet given in Munich in 1881 in honor of Wagner, Liszt said: "I ask no remembrance

for myself or my work beyond this: Franz Liszt was the loved and loving friend of Wagner, & played his scores with tear-filled eyes; and knew the Heaven-born quality of the man when all the world seemed filled with doubt."



### RICHARD WAGNER



ND now look upon the face of this man!

Even so, and upon every face is written the record of the life the man has led: the loves that were his, the thoughts, the prayers, the aspirations, the disappointments, all he hoped to be and was not—all are written there—nothing is hid-

den, nor can it be & Here was one born in poverty. nurtured in adversity, and yet uplifted and sustained by homely friendships and rugged companions who dumbly guessed the latent greatness of their charge. With soul athirst he sought for truth, and stubbornly groped his way alone. Immediate precedent stood to him for little, and his sincerity and honesty made him the butt of mob and rabble. His ambition to be himself, to live his life, the desire to express his honest thought led straight to deprivation of bread and shelter. He had too much sympathy, his honesty was not tempered by the graces of a diplomat—a price was placed upon his head. By the help of that one noble friend, whose love upheld him to the last, he escaped to a country where freedom of speech is not a byword. But stupid misunderstanding followed close upon his footsteps, even his wife doubted his sanity. mistaking his genius for folly, and died undeceived. Calumny, hate, brutal criticism, the contempt of the

so-called learned class,—and all the train of woe that RICHARD want and debt can bring to bear were his lot and WAGNER portion

Still he struggled on, refusing to compromise or parley—he would live his life, expressing the divinity within, and if fate decreed it so, die the death, misunderstood, reviled, and be forgotten.

And so he lived, working, praying, hoping, toiling, travailing—but with days, now and then, when rifts broke the clouds and the sun shone through, his Other Self giving approbation by saying, "Well done! the work will live!"

More than half a century had passed over his head, & the frost of years had whitened his locks; his form was bowed from the many burdens it had borne; the fine face furrowed with lines of care; his eyes grown dim from weeping—when gradually the critics grew less severe

Advocates were coming to the front, demanding that brutal hands should no longer mangle this man: grudgingly pardon came for offenses never committed, and he was permitted to return to his native land. Strong men and earnest women placed themselves on his side. They declared their faith, and said his work was sublime; and they boldly stated the patent fact that those who had done most to cry Wagner down, had themselves done nothing, nor added an iota to the wealth or the harmony of the world. People began to listen, to investigate, and they said

RICHARD "Why, yes, the music of Wagner has a distinct style WAGNER -it has individuality."

> Individuality is a departure from a complete type, and so is never perfect, any more than man is perfect. But Wagner's music is honest and genuine emotion set to sweet sounds, with words in keeping. It mirrors the hopes, the disappointments, the aspirations and the love of a great soul.

> As men & women grew to cultivate the hospitable mind and receptive heart tears filled their eyes and as they listened they came to understand. Honesty and genuineness in souls are too rare a flout-when found men really uncover before them. The people saw at last that they had been deceived by the savants. blinded by the dust of paid and prejudiced critics, fooled by those who led the way for a consideration. They flocked to see the great composer and listen to his matchless music, and they gave the man and his work their approval. Such sums were paid to him as he had only read of in books.

> Adulation, approbation and crowning fame were his at last

> Then love came that way and gentle trusting affection, and sweet spiritual comradeship, such as he had never known except in dreams-all these were his.

> His fame increased, and lavish offers from across the sea came, proffering him such wealth and honor as were not for any other living artist.

> A theatre was built for the presentation of his produc-

tions alone; and the lovers of music from every na- RICHARD tion made Bayreuth a place of pilgrimage. WAGNER

When the man died—passed peacefully away, supported by the arms of the one woman he had loved—the daughter of Liszt—the art-loving world paid his genius all the tribute that men can offer to the worth of other men.

And now the passing years have brought a confirmation in belief of the statement made by Franz Liszt, "Richard Wagner is the one true musical genius of his age."

Wagner's admirers should, for him, plead guilty to the worst that can be said: he is everything that his most bitter critics say, but he is so much more that his faults and follies sink into ashes before the divine fire of his genius, and we still have the gold. Inconsistent, paradoxical, preposterous—why, yes, of course! Still, he is the greatest poet of passion the world has ever seen—don't cavil—passion's consistency consists in being inconsistent.

"Every sentence must have a man behind it," and so we might say "Every bar of music must have a man behind it." That harmony only, can live which once had its dwelling place in a great and tender heart.

The province of art is to impart a sublime emotion, & that which affects to be an emotion, no matter how subtly launched, can never live as classic art. Honesty here, as elsewhere, must have its reward. Be yourself, though all the world laugh.

RICHARD I will not say that Wagner was—he is. The man himWAGNER self in life was often worn to the quick by the deprivations he had to endure, or the stupid misunderstandings he encountered, so at times he was impatient,
erratic, possibly perverse. But all that is gone
—his mistakes have been washed in the
blood of Time—only the good survives.

The best that this great and Godlike man ever thought, or felt,
or knew, is ours—he lives
immortal in his Art.



SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF RICHARD WAGNER: AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD, THE TITLE PAGE AND INITIALS BEING DESIGNED BY ROYCROFT ARTISTS & THE WHOLE DONE INTO A PRINTED BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS, AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, NEW YORK, IN THE MONTH OF JANUARY, IN THE YEAR MCMI.

# Little Journeys

To the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

## Series of 1901

## Edition DE Luxe .

Each bound in limp chamois, silk lined, with silk marker, frontispiece portrait in photogravure on Imperial Japan. Initials & title page hand illumined, the book signed & numbered by the author.

THE TWELVE VOLUMES, \$10.00 SINGLE NUMBERS, 1.00

This Special Edition is Limited to One Thousand Copies of Each Subject

THE ROYCROFTERS East Aurora New York

# LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

## NICOLA PAGANINI

Vol. VIII. FEBRUARY, 1901. No. 2.

By ELBERT HUBBARD





Single Copies, 25 cents

By the Year, \$3.00

# Little Journeys

to the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

By ELBERT HUBBARD

## Series of 1901

The subjects will be in the following order:

- I. WAGNER
- 2. PAGANINI
- 3. CHOPIN
- 4. MOZART
- 5. BACH
- 6. MENDELSSOHN

- 7. LISZT
- 8. BEETHOVEN
- o. HAYDN
- 10. SCHUBERT
- 11. VERDI
- 12. SCHUMANN

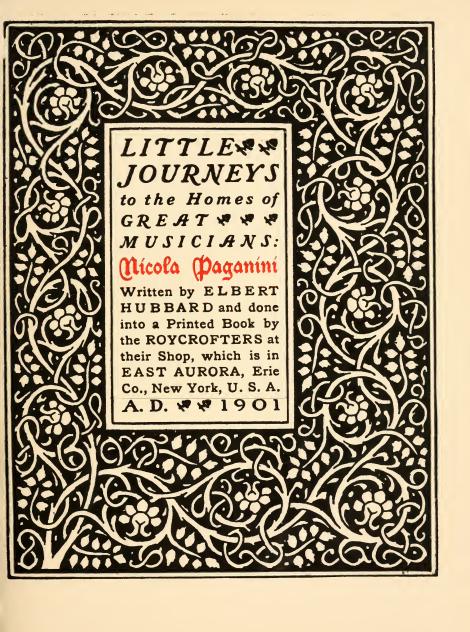
One booklet a month will be issued as usual, beginning January 1st.

The LITTLE JOURNEYS for 1901 will be strictly de luxe in form and workmanship. The type will be a new set of antique black face; the initials designed especially for this work; a frontispiece photogravure portrait from the original drawing made at our shop in each on Japan Vellum. The booklets stitched by hand with silk.

The price—25 cents each, or \$3.00 for the year.

### THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.

Entered at the Postoffice at East Aurora, New York, for transmission as second-class mail matter. Copyright, 1901, by Elbert Hubbard.





For lo! creation's self is one great choir,
And what is nature's order but the rhyme
Whereto the worlds keep time,
And all things move with all things from their prime?
Who shall expound the mystery of the lyre?
In far retreats of elemental mind
Obscurely comes and goes
The imperative breath of song, that as the wind
Is trackless, and oblivious whence it blows.
—William Watson.



## NICOLA PAGANINI







Paganini.



ONTHS ago, after my lecture one NICOLA night in Boston, I bethought me to PAGANINI

night in Boston, I bethought me to call on my old friend Bliss Carman. I expected to find him sleeping the sleep of the just, but I was prepared to rout him out, for although my errand was from a fair, frail young thing, and trivial, yet I was bound to deliver the message—for that is what one should always do.

But the poet was not abed—he was pacing the room in a fine burst of poetic fervor, composing More Songs from Vagabondia. The songs told of purling streams, hedge-rows, bathers lolling on the river-bank, nodding wild-flowers, chirping pee-wees, and such other poet properties, which the singer conjured forth from boyhood's days, long since gone by.

This suite of rooms, where the poet worked, was in a fine house on a fashionable street, and I noticed the place bore every mark of elegant bachelor ease and convenience that good taste could dictate. The best Songs from Vagabondia, I am told, are written in comfortable apartments, where there are bath and a

NICOLA Whitely Exerciser; but it requires work over-time and PAGANINI much patient, persistent effort to lick the lines into shape so they will live. Good poets run their machinery in double shifts.

> "Go away!" cried Mr. Bliss Carman, when he had opened the door in reply to my sprightly knock. "Go away! I am giving to airy nothings a local habitation and a name. This is my busy night - do you not see?" And fully understanding the conditions, for I am a poet myself, I went away and left the author to his labors 2525

> It is a mistake to assume that genius is the capacity for evading hard work. La Vie de Boheme is a beautiful myth that was first worked out with consummate labor by a man of imagination named Murger, and told again with variations by Balzac and Du Maurier. Boheme is not down on the map, because it is not a money-order post office. It is only a Queen Mab, fairy fabric of a warm, transient desire; its walls being constructed of the stuff that dreams are made of and its little life is rounded with a pipe & taber, two empties and a brass tray. Yet the semblance of the thing is there and this often deceives the very elect. Around every art studio are found the young men in velveteen who smoke infinite cigarettes, and throw off opinions about this great man and that, and prate prosaically in blase monotone of the Beautiful. Sometimes these young persons give lectures on "Art as I have Found It;" but do not be deceived by this — the art that lives

is probably being produced by small, shy, red-headed NICOLA men who work on a top floor, and whom you can only PAGANINI find with the help of a search warrant. One sort talks of art, the other kind produces it. One tells of truth, the other is living it.

Edgar Allen Poe wrote the most gruesome stories that have ever been told, just to prove that life is a tragedy and not worth living. But who ever lived fuller and applied himself to hard work more conscientiously in order to make his point? Poe wrote and rewrote, and changed and added and interlined and balanced it all on his actor's tongue, and read it aloud before the glass, so as to get it just right. Poe shortened his days and flung away a valuable fag end of his life, trying to show that life is not worth living, & thus proved it is. Gray spent thirteen years writing his "Elegy," and so made clear the point that the man who does good work does not at the last lay him down and rest his head upon the lap of earth, a youth to fortune and to fame unknown. Gray secured both fame and fortune. He was so successful that he declined the Laureateship, and had the felicity to die of gout. Gray's

immortality is based upon the fact that his life gave the lie to his logic & The man who thinks out what he wants to do. and then works and works hard, will win, and no others do, or ever have, or can-God will not have it so.

### NICOLA PAGANINI



S a violinist Paganini surpassed all other players who ever lived; and when one follows the story of his life, the fact is apparent that he succeeded because he worked.

And yet behold the paradox! The idea existed in his own day, and is abroad yet, that "the devil guided his hand," for the

thought that the devil is more powerful than God has ever been held by the majority of men—more especially if a fiddle is concerned.

Such patience, such persistency, such painstaking effort as the man put forth for a score of years would have made him master at anything. The public knows nothing of these long years of labor and preparation—it only sees the result, and this result shows such consummate ease & naturalness—all done without effort—that it exclaims, "A genius—the devil guides his hand!" The remark was made of Titian and his wonderful color effects, and then again of Rembrandt with his mysterious limpid shadows—their competitors could not understand it! And so they disposed of the subject by attributing it to a supernatural agency.

Things all men can do and explain are natural; things we cannot explain are "supernatural." Progress consists in taking things out of the supernatural pigeonhole and placing them in the natural. As soon as we

comprehend the supernatural, we are a bit surprised NICOLA to find it is perfectly natural.

PAGANINI

But the limitations of great men are seen in that when they have acquired the skill to do a difficult thing well, and the public cries "Genius," why the genius humors the superstition and begins to allow the impression to get out mysteriously that he "never had a lesson in his life."

Any man who caters to the public is to a great degree spoiled by the public. Actors act off the stage as well as on, falling victims to their trade: their lives are stained by pretence and affectation, just as the dver's hand is subdued to the medium in which it works. The man of talent who is much before the public poses be-

cause his audience wishes him to; one step more and the pose becomes natural—he cannot divest himself of it R Paganini by hard work became a consummate player; and then so the dear public should receive its money's worth he evolved into a consummate poseur - but he was still the Artist.



### NICOLA PAGANINI



GREAT many writers have described the appearance and playing of Paganini, but none ever did the assignment with the creepy vividness of Heinrich Heine. The rest of this chapter is Heine's. I make the explanation because the passage is so well known that it would be both indiscreet and

inexpedient for me to bring my James to bear and claim it as my own—much as I would like to.

Says Heinrich Heine: I believe that only one man has succeeded in putting Paganini's true physiognomy upon paper - a deaf painter, Lyser by name, who in a frenzy full of genius has with a few strokes of chalk so well hit the great violinist's head that one is at the same time amused and terrified at the truth of the drawing. "The devil guided my hand," the deaf painter said to me, chuckling mysteriously, and nodding his head with a good-natured irony in the way he generally accompanied his genial witticisms. This painter was, however, a wonderful old fellow; in spite of his deafness he was enthusiastically fond of music, and he knew how, when near enough to the orchestra, to read the music in the musicians' faces, and to judge the more or less skillful execution by the movements of their fingers; indeed, he wrote critiques on the opera for an excellent journal at Hamburg. And yet is that

peculiarly wonderful? In the visible symbols of the NICOLA performance the deaf painter could see the sounds. PAGANINI

visible symbols in which they hear colors and forms. I am sorry that I no longer possess Lyser's little drawing; it would perhaps have given you an idea of Paganini's outward appearance. Only with black and glaring strokes could those mysterious features be seized, features which seemed to belong more to the sulphurous kingdom of shades than to the sunny world of life, "Indeed, the devil guided my hand," the deaf painter assured me, as we stood before the pavilion at Hamburg on the day when Paganini gave his first concert there, "Yes, my friend, it is true that he has sold himself to the devil, body and soul, in order to become the best violinist, to fiddle millions of money, and principally to escape the damnable galley where he had already languished many years. For, you see, my friend, when he was chapel-master at Lucca he fell in love with a princess of the theatre, was jealous of some little Abbate, was perhaps deceived by the faithless Amata, stabbed her in approved Italian fashion, came in the galley to Genoa, and as I said, sold himself to the devil to escape from it, become the best violin-player, and impose upon us this evening a contribution of two thalers each. But, you see, all good spirits praise God! there in the avenue he comes himself, with his suspicious impressario."

There are men to whom the sounds themselves are in-

It was Paganini himself whom I then saw for the

NICOLA first time. He wore a dark gray overcoat, which reached PAGANINI to his heels, and made his figure seem very tall. His long black hair fell in neglected curls on his shoulders. and formed a dark frame round the pale, cadaverous face, on which sorrow, genius and hell had engraved their lines. Near him danced along a little pleasing figure, elegantly prosaic-with rosy, wrinkled face, bright gray little coat with steel buttons, distributing greetings on all sides in an insupportably friendly way, leering up, nevertheless, with apprehensive air at the gloomy figure who walked earnest and thoughtful at his side. It reminded one of Retzsch's representation of Faust and Wagner walking before the gates of Leipsic. The deaf painter made comments to me in his mad way, and bade me observe especially the broad, measured walk of Paganini. "Does it not seem," said he, "as if he had the iron cross-pole still between his legs? He has accustomed himself to that walk forever. See, too, in what a contemptuous, ironical way he sometimes looks at his guide when the latter wearies him with his prosaic questions. But he cannot separate himself from him; a bloody contract binds him to that companion, who is no other than Satan. The ignorant multitude, indeed, believe that this guide is the writer of comedies and anecdotes, Harris from Hanover, whom Paganini has taken with him to manage the financial business of his concerts. But they do not know that the devil has only borrowed Herr George Harris's form, and that meanwhile the poor soul of this

poor man is shut up with other rubbish in a trunk at NICOLA Hanover, until the devil returns its flesh-envelope, PAGANINI while he perhaps will guide his master through the world in a worthier form—namely as a black poodle." But if Paganini seemed mysterious and strange enough when I saw him walking in bright midday under the green trees of the Hamburg Jungfernstieg, how his awful bizarre appearance startled me at the concert in the evening! The Hamburg Opera House was the scene of this concert, and the art-loving public had flocked there so early, and in such numbers, that I only just succeeded in obtaining a little place in the orchestra. Although it was post-day, I saw in the first row of boxes the whole educated commercial world, a whole Olympus of bankers and other millionaires, the gods of coffee and sugar by the side of their fat goddesses, Junos of Wandrahm and Aphrodites of Dreckwall. A religious silence reigned through the assembly. Every eye was directed towards the stage. Every ear was making ready to listen. My neighbour, an old furrier, took the dirty cotton out of his ears in order to drink in better the costly sounds for which he had paid two thalers

At last a dark figure, which seemed to have arisen from the under-world, appeared upon the stage. It was Paganini in his black costume—the black dress-coat and the black waist-coat of a horrible cut, such as is prescribed by infernal etiquette at the court of Proserpina. The black trousers hung anxiously around the

NICOLA thin legs. The long arms appeared to grow still longer, PAGANINI as, holding the violin in one hand and the bow in the other, he almost touched the floor with them, while displaying to the public his unprecedented obeisances. In the angular curves of his body there was a horrible woodenness, and also something absurdly animal-like, that during these bows one could not help feeling a strange desire to laugh. But his face, that appeared still more cadaverously pale in the glare of the orchestra lights, had about it something so imploring, so simply humble, that a sorrowful compassion repressed one's desire to smile. Had he learnt these complimentary bows from an automaton, or dog? Is that the entreating gaze of one sick unto death, or is there lurking behind it the mockery of a crafty miser? Is that a man brought into the arena at the moment of death, like a dying gladiator, to delight the public with his convulsions? Or is it one risen from the dead, a vampire with a violin, who, if not the blood out of our hearts, at any rate sucks the gold out of our pockets?

> Such questions crossed our minds while Paganini was performing his strange bows, but all those thoughts were at once still when the wonderful master placed his violin under his chin and began to play. As for me, you already know my musical second-sight, my gift of seeing at each tone a figure equivalent to the sound, and so Paganini with each stroke of his bow brought visible forms and situations before my eyes; he told me in melodious hieroglyphics all kinds of brilliant

tales; he, as it were, made a magic lantern play its NICOLA coloured antics before me, he himself being chief actor. PAGANINI At the first stroke of his bow the stage scenery around him had changed; he suddenly stood with his musicdesk in a cheerful room, decorated in a gay, irregular way after the Pompadour style; everywhere little mirrors, gilded Cupids, Chinese porcelain, a delightful chaos of ribbons, garlands of flowers, white gloves, torn lace, false pearls, powder-puffs, diamonds of gold leaf and spangles—such tinsel as one finds in the room of a prima donna. Paganini's outward appearance had also changed, and certainly most advantageously; he wore short breeches of lily-coloured satin, a white waistcoat embroidered with silver, and a coat of bright blue velvet with gold buttons; the hair in little carefully curled locks bordered his face, which was young and rosy, and gleamed with sweet tenderness as he ogled the pretty lady who stood near him at the music-desk, while he played the violin.

Yes, I saw at his side a pretty young creature, in antique costume, the white satin swelled out above the waist, making the figure still more charmingly slender; the high raised hair was powdered and curled, and the pretty round face shone out all the more openly with its glancing eyes, its little rouged cheeks, its tiny beauty-patches, and the sweet impertinent little nose. In her hand was a roll of white paper, and by the movements of her lips as well as by the coquettish waving to and fro of her little upper lip she seemed to

NICOLA be singing; but none of her trills were audible to me, PAGANINI and only from the violin with which young Paganini led the lovely child could I discover what she sang, and what he himself during her song felt in his soul. O, what melodies were those! Like the nightingale's notes, when the fragrance of the rose intoxicates her yearning young heart with desire, they floated in the twilight. O, what melting, languid delight was that! The sounds kissed each other, then fled away pouting, and then, laughing, clasped each other and became one, and died away in intoxicating harmony. Yes, the sounds carried on their merry game like butterflies. when one, in playful provocation, will escape from another, hide behind a flower, be overtaken at last, and then, wantonly joying with the other, fly away into the golden sunlight. But a spider, a spider can prepare a sudden tragical fate for such enamoured butterflies! Did the young heart anticipate this? A melancholy sighing tone, a foreboding of some slowly approaching misfortune, glided softly through the enrapturing melodies that were streaming from Paganini's violin. His eyes became moist. Adoringly he knelt down before his amata. But, alas! as he bowed down to kiss her feet, he saw under the sofa a little abbate! I do not know what he had against the poor man, but the Genoese became pale as death. He seized the little fellow with furious hands, drew a stiletto from its sheath, and buried it in the young rogue's breast.

At this moment, however, a shout of "Bravo! Bravo!"

broke out from all sides. Hamburg's enthusiastic sons NICOLA and daughters were paying the tribute of their up- PAGANINI roarious applause to the great artist, who had just ended the first of his concert, and was now bowing with even more angles and contortions than before. And on his face the abject humility seems to me to have become more intense. From his eyes stared a sorrowful anxiety like that of a poor malefactor. "Divine!" cried my neighbor, the furrier, as he scratched his ears; "that piece alone was worth two thalers."

When Paganini began to play again a gloom came before my eyes. The sounds were not transformed into bright forms and colours; the master's form was clothed in gloomy shades, out of the darkness of which his music moaned in the most piercing tones of lamentation. Only at times, when a little lamp that hung above cast its sorrowful light over him, could I catch a glimpse of his pale countenance, on which the youth was not yet extinguished. His costume was singular, in two colours, yellow and red. Heavy chains weighed upon his feet. Behind him moved a face whose physiognomy indicated a lusty goat-nature. And I saw at times long, hairy hands seize assistingly the strings of the violin on which Paganini was playing. They often guided the hand which held the bow, and then a bleatlaugh of applause accompanied the melody, which gushed from the violin ever more full of sorrow and anguish. They were melodies which were like the song of the fallen angels who had loved the daughters of

NICOLA earth, and being exiled from the kingdom of the bless-PAGANINI ed, sank into the under-world with faces red with shame. They were melodies in whose bottomless depths glimmered neither consolation nor hope. When the saints in heaven hear such melodies, the praise of God dies upon their paled lips, and they cover their heads weeping. At times when the obligato goat's laugh bleated in among the melodious pangs, I caught a glimpse in the background of a crowd of small women-figures who nodded their odious heads with wicked wantonness. Then a rush of agonizing sounds came from the violin, and a fearful groan and a sob, such as was never heard upon earth before, nor will be perhaps heard upon earth again, unless in the valley of Jehoshaphat, when the colossal trumpets of doom shall ring out, and the naked corpses shall crawl forth from the grave to abide their fate. But the agonized violinist suddenly made one stroke of the bow, such a mad despairing stroke that his chains fell rattling from him, and his mysterious assistant and the other foul mocking forms vanished.

> At this moment my neighbor, the furrier, said, "A pity, a pity; a string has snapped—that comes from the constant pizzicato."

> Had a string of the violin really snapped? I do not know. I only observed the alternation in the sounds, and Paganini and his surroundings seemed to me again suddenly changed. I could scarcely recognize him in the monk's brown dress, which concealed rather than

clothed him. With savage countenance half hid by the NICOLA cowl, waist girt with a cord, and bare feet, Paganini PAGANINI stood, a solitary defiant figure, on a rocky prominence by the sea, and played his violin. But the sea became red and redder, and the sky grew paler, till at last the surging water looked like bright scarlet blood, and the sky above became of a ghastly, corpse-like pallor, and the stars came out large and threatening; and those stars were black, black as glooming coal. But the tones of the violin grew ever more stormy and defiant, and the eyes of the terrible player sparkled with such a scornful lust of destruction, and his thin lips moved with such a horrible haste, that it seemed as if he murmured some old accursed charms to conjure the storm and loose the evil spirits that lie imprisoned in the abysses of the sea. Often, when he stretched his long thin arm from the broad monk's sleeve, and swept the air with his bow, he seemed like some sorcerer who commands the elements with his magic wand; & then there was a wild wailing from the depth of the sea, and the horrible waves of blood sprang up so fiercely that they almost besprinkled the pale sky and the black stars with their red foam. There was a wailing and a shrieking and a crashing, as if the world was falling into fragments, and ever more stubbornly the monk played his violin. He seemed as if by the power of violent will he wished to break the seven seals wherewith Solomon sealed the iron vessels in which he had shut up the vanquished demons. The wise king sank

NICOLA those vessels in the sea, and I seemed to hear the PAGANINI voices of the imprisoned spirits while Paganini's violin growled its most wrathful bass.

> But at last I thought I heard the jubilee of deliverance, and out of the red billows of blood emerged the heads of the fettered demons: monsters of legendary horror, crocodiles with bat's wings, snakes with stag's horns, monkeys with shells on their heads, seals with long patriarchal beards, women's faces with one eye green camels' heads, all staring with cold, crafty eyes, and with long fin-like claws grasping at the fiddling monk. From the latter, however, in the furious zeal of his conjuration, the cowl fell back, and the curly hair, fluttering in the wind, fell round his head in ringlets, like black snakes.

> So maddening was this vision that to keep my senses I closed my ears and shut my eyes. When I again looked up the spectre had vanished, and I saw the poor Genoese in his ordinary form, making his ordinary bows, while the public applauded in the most rapturous manner

> "That is the famous performance upon G," remarked my neighbor. "I myself play the violin, and I know what it is to master that instrument." Fortunately, the pause was not considerable, or else the musical furrier would certainly have engaged me in a long conversation upon art. Paganini again quietly set his violin to his chin, and with the first stroke of his bow the wonderful transformation of melodies again began

They no longer fashioned themselves so brightly and NICOLA corporeally. The melody gently developed itself, ma- PAGANINI jestically billowing and swelling like an organ chorale in a cathedral, and everything around, stretching larger and higher, had extended into a colossal space which, not the bodily eye, but only the eye of the spirit could seize. In the midst of this space hovered a shining sphere, upon which, gigantic and sublimely haughty, stood a man who played the violin. Was that sphere the sun? I do not know. But in the man's features I recognized Paganini, only ideally lovely, divinely glorious, with a reconciling smile. His body was in the bloom of powerful manhood, a bright blue garment enclosed his noble limbs, his shoulders were covered by gleaming locks of black hair; and as he stood there, sure and secure, a sublime divinity, and played the violin, it seemed as if the whole creation obeyed his melodies. He was the man-planet about which the universe moved with measured solemnity and ringing out beatific rhythms. Those great lights, which so quietly gleaming swept around, were they the stars of heaven, and that melodious harmony which arose from their movements, was it the song of the spheres, of which poets and seers have reported so many ravishing things? At times, when I endeavored to gaze out into the misty distance, I thought I saw pure white garments floating around, in which colossal pilgrims passed muffled along with white staves in their hands, and singular to relate, the golden knob of each staff

NICOLA was even one of those great lights which I had taken PAGANINI for stars. These pilgrims moved in a large orbit around the great performer, the golden knobs of their staves shone even brighter at the tones of the violin, and the chorale which resounded from their lips, and which I had taken for the song of the spheres, was only the dying echo of those violin tones. A holy ineffable ardour dwelt in those sounds, which often trembled, scarce audibly, in mysterious whisper on the water, then swelled out again with a shuddering sweet-

ness, like a bugle's notes heard by moonlight, & then finally poured forth in unrestrained jubilee, as if a thousand bards had struck their harps and raised their voices in a song of victory.





N 1784, Nicola Paganini was born NICOLA at Genoa. His father was a street PAGANINI porter who eked out the scanty exchequer by playing a violin at occasional dances or concerts. That his playing was indifferent is evident from the fact that he was very poor - his services were not in demand.

The poverty of the family and

the failure of the father fired the ambition of the boy to do something worthy. When he was ten years old he could play as well as his father, and in a year or so thereafter could play better. The lad was tall, slender, delicate, and dreamy-eyed. But he had will plus, and his desire was to sound the possibilities of the violin. And this reminds me that Mr. Hugh Pentecost says there is no such thing as will-it is all desire: when we desire a thing strongly enough, we have the will to secure it-but no matter!

Young Nicola Paganini practiced on his father's violin for six hours a day; and now when the customers who used to hire his father to play, came, they would say, "We just as leave have Nicola."

Soon after this they said, "We prefer to have Nicola." And a little later they said, "We must have Nicola." Someone has written a book to show that playing second fiddle is just as worthy an office as playing first. This doubtless is true, but there are so many more

NICOLA men who can play second, that it behooves every play-PAGANINI er to relieve the stress by playing first if he can.

> Nicola played first and then was called upon to play solos. He was making twice as much money as his father ever had, but the father took all the boy's earnings as was his legal right. The father's pride in the success of the son, the young man always said, was because he was proving a good financial investment. It does not always pay to raise childen—this time it did. It was finally decided to take the boy to the celebrated musician, Rolla, for advice as to what was best to do about his education. Rolla was sick abed at the time the boy called and could not see him; but while waiting in the entry the lad took up a violin and began to play. The invalid raised himself on one elbow and pantingly inquired who the great master was who thus had favored him with a visit.

> "It's the lad who wants you to give him lessons," answered the attendant.

> "Impossible! no lad could play like that-I can teach that player nothing!"

> Next the musician Paer was visited, and he passed the boy along to Giretta, who gave him three lessons a week in harmony and counterpoint. The boy had abrupt mannerisms and tricks of his own in bringing out expressions, and these were such a puzzle to the teacher that he soon refused to go on.

> Nicola possessed a sort of haughty self-confidence that aggravated the master; he believed in himself and

was fond of showing that he could play in a way no NICOLA one else could. Adolescence had turned his desire to PAGANINI play into a fury of passion for his art: he practiced on single passages for ten or twelve hours a day, and would often sink in a swoon from sheer exhaustion. This deep, torpor-like sleep saved him from complete collapse, just as it saved Mendelssohn, and he would arise to go on with his work.

Paganini's wisdom was shown at this early age in that he limited his work to a few compositions, and these he made the most of, just as they say Bossuet secured his reputation as the greatest preacher of his time by a single sermon that he had polished to the point of perfection.

When fifteen years old he contrived to escape from his father and went to a musical festival at Lucca. He managed to get a hearing, was engaged at once as a soloist, and soon after gave a concert on his own account. In a month he had accumulated a thousand pounds in cash.

Very naturally, such a success turned the head of this lad who never before had had the handling of money. He began to gamble, and became the dupe of rogues -male and female-who plunged him into an abyss of wrong. He even gambled away the "Stradivarius" that had been presented to him, and when his money, watch and jewels were gone, his new-found friends of course decamped, and this gave the young man time to ponder on the vanities of life.

NICOLA When he played again it was on a borrowed "Guar-PAGANINI nerius," and after the rich owner, himself a violinist, had heard him play, he said, "No fingers but yours shall ever play this instrument again!"

> Paganini accepted the gift, and this was the violin he played for full forty years, and which, on his death, was willed to his native city of Genoa. There it can be seen in its sealed-up glass case.

> Up to his thirtieth year Paganini continued his severe work of subduing the violin. By that time he had sounded its possibilities, and thereafter no one heard him play except in concert. It is told that one man, anxious to know the secrets of Paganini's power, followed him from city to city, watching him at concerts, dogging him through the streets, spying upon him at hotels. At one inn this man of curiosity had the felicity to secure a room next to Paganini's; and one morning as he watched through the keyhole he was rewarded by seeing the master open the case where reposed the precious "Guarnerius." Paganini lifted the instrument, held it under his chin, took up the bow, and made a few passes in the air-not a sound was heard. Then he kissed the back of the violin, muttered a prayer, and locked the instrument in its case.

> At concert rehearsals he played a mute instrument; and Harris, his manager, records that for the many years he was with Paganini he never heard him play a single note except before an audience.

> I have a full length daguerreotype of Paganini, taken

when he was forty years of age. No one ever asked NICOLA this man, "Kind sir, are you anyhody in particular?" PAGANINI

this man, "Kind sir, are you anybody in particular?" PAGANINI Paganini was tall and woefully slim. His hands & feet were large and bony, his arms long, his form bowed and lacking in all that we call symmetry. But the long face, with its look of abject melancholy, the curved nose, the thin lips and the sharp protruding chin, made a combination that Fate has never duplicated. You could easily believe that this man knew all the secrets of the Nether World, and had tasted the joys of Paradise as well. Women pitied and loved

him, men feared him, and none understood him. He lived in the midst of throngs and multitudes—the

loneliest man known in the history of art.

Paganini, when he had reached his height, played only his own music; he played divinely and incomprehensibly; next to his passion for music was his greed for gold. These three facts sum up all we really know about the master—the rest fades off into mist—mystery, fable and legend. We do know, however, that he composed several pieces of music so difficult that he could not play them himself, and of course no one else can. Imagination can always outrun performance. Paganini had no close friends; no confidantes: he never mingled in society, and he never married.

At times he would disappear from the public gaze for several months, and not even his business associates knew where he was. On one such occasion a traveler discovered him in a monastic retreat in the Swiss

NICOLA Mountains, wearing a horse-hair robe and a rope gir-PAGANINI dle; others saw him disguised as a mendicant; & still another tells of finding him working as a day-laborer with obscure and ignorant peasants. Then there are tales told of how he was taken captive by a titled lady of great wealth and beauty who carried him away to her bower, where he eschewed the violin and tinkled only the guitar the live-long day.

> Everywhere the report was current that Paganini had killed a man, and been sentenced to prison for life. The story ran that in prison he found an old violin, three strings of which were broken, and so he played on one string, producing such ravishing music that the keepers of the prison were sure he was "possessed." They decided they must get rid of him, and so contrived to have him thrown overboard from a galley; but he swam ashore, and although he was everywhere known, no man dared place a hand on him.

> A late writer in a London magazine, however, has given evidence of being a psychologist and man of sense; he says, and produces proof, that after the concert season was over Paganini retired to a monastery in the mountains of Switzerland, and there the monks who loved him well, guarded his retreat. There he found the rest for which his soul craved, and there he practiced on his violin hour after hour, day after day. All this is better understood when we remember that after each retreat, Paganini appeared with brand-new effects which electrified his hearers-"effects taught

him by the devil." & Constant appearing before vast NICOLA multitudes and ceaseless travel create a depletion that PAGANINI demands rest. Paganini held the balance true by fleeing to the mountains; there he worked and prayed. That Paganini had a soft heart, in spite of the silent, cold & melancholy mood that usually possessed him, is shown in his treatment of his father and mother, who lived to know the greatness of their son. He wrote his mother kind and affectionate letters, some of which we have, and provided lavishly for every want of both his parents. At times he gave concerts for charity where vast sums were realized.

Paganini died in 1840, aged fifty-six years. His will provided for legacies to various men and women who had befriended him, and he also gave to others with whom he had quarreled, thus proving he was not all clay.

The bulk of his fortune, equal to about half a million dollars, was bequeathed to his son, Baron Achille Paganini. And as if mystery should still enshroud his memory and this, true to his nature, should be carried out in his last will, there are those who maintain that Achille Paganini was not his son at all-only a waif he had adopted. Yet Achille always stoutly maintained the distinction—but what boots it, since he could not play his father's violin?

Yet this we know-Paganini, the man of mystery and moods, once lived and produced music that, Orpheuslike, transfixed the world. We are better for his having been and this world is a nobler place in that he

NICOLA lived and played, for listen closely and you can hear, PAGANINI even now, the sweet, sad echoes of those vibrant strings, touched by the hand of him who loved them well

And when we remember the prodigious amount of practice that Paganini schooled himself to in youth; and join this to the recently discovered record of his long monastic retreats when for months he worked and played and prayed, we can guess the secret of his power. If you wish me to present you a recipe for doing a deathless performance

I would give you this:

Work, travel, solitude, and prayer.



SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF NICOLA PAGANINI: AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD, THE TITLE PAGE AND INITIALS BEING DESIGNED BY ROYCROFT ARTISTS & THE WHOLE DONE INTO A PRINTED BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS, AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, NEW YORK, IN THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY, IN THE YEAR MCMI.

# Little Journeys

To the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

# Series of 1901

# Edition De Luxe a a

Each bound in limp chamois, silk lined, with silk marker, frontispiece portrait in photogravure on Imperial Japan. Initials & title page hand illumined, the book signed & numbered by the author.

THE TWELVE VOLUMES, SINGLE NUMBERS,

\$10.00

1.00

This Special Edition is Limited to One Thousand Copies of Each Subject

THE ROYCROFTERS East Aurora New York

# LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

# FREDERICK CHOPIN

Vol. VIII. MARCH, 1901. No. 3.

By ELBERT HUBBARD



Single Copies, 25 cents

By the Year, \$3.00

# Little Journeys

to the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

By ELBERT HUBBARD

# Series of 1901

The subjects will be in the following order:

- I. WAGNER
- 2. PAGANINI
- 3. CHOPIN
- 4. MOZART
- 5. BACH
- 6. MENDELSSOHN

- 7. LISZT
- 8. BEETHOVEN
- o. HAYDN
- 10. SCHUBERT
- 11. VERDI
- 12. SCHUMANN

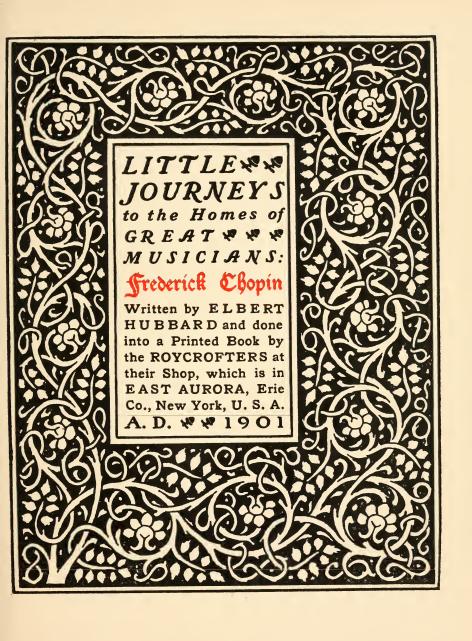
One booklet a month will be issued as usual, beginning January 1st.

The LITTLE JOURNEYS for rgor will be strictly de luxe in form and workmanship. The type will be a new set of antique black face; the initials designed especially for this work; a frontispiece photogravure portrait from the original drawing made at our shop in each on Japan Vellum. The booklets stitched by hand with silk.

The price—25 cents each, or \$3.00 for the year.

# THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.

Entered at the Postoffice at East Aurora, New York, for transmission as second-class mail matter. Copyright, 1901, by Elbert Hubbard.





Nature does not design like art, however realistic she may be. She has caprices, inconsequences, probably not real, but very mysterious. Art only rectifies these inconsequences, because it is too limited to reproduce them.

Chopin was a resume of these inconsequences which God alone can allow Himself to create, and which have their particular logic. He was modest on principle, gentle by habit, but he was imperious by instinct and full of a legitimate pride which was unconscious of itself. Hence arose sufferings which he did not reason and which did not fix themselves on a determined object.

-George Sand in "The Story of My Life."



# FREDERICK CHOPIN







Chopin.



AY be I am all wrong about it, yet I FREDERICK cannot help believing that the spirit CHOPIN of man will live again somewhere in a better world than ours. Fenelon says, "Justice demands another life in order to make good the inequalities of this." Astronomers prophecy the existence of stars long before they can see them. They know where they ought to be, and training their telescopes in that direction they wait, knowing they shall find.

Materially, no one can imagine anything more beautiful than this earth, for the simple reason that we cannot imagine anything we have not seen; we may make new combinations, but the whole is all made up of parts of things with which we are familiar. This great green earth out of which we have sprung, of which we are a part, that supports our bodies, and to which our bodies must return to repay the loan, is very, very beautiful Wa

But the spirit of man is not fully at home here; as we grow in soul and intellect, we hear, and hear again a voice which says, arise and get thee

FREDERICK hence, for this is not thy rest. And the greater and CHOPIN nobler and more sublime the spirit the more constant the discontent. Discontent may come from various causes, so it will not do to assume that the discontented are always the pure in heart, but it is a fact that the wise and excellent have all known the meaning of world-weariness. The more you study and appreciate this life the more sure you are that this is not all. You pillow your head upon Mother Earth, listen to her heart-throb, and even as your spirit is filled with the love of her, your gladness is half pain, and there comes to you a joy that hurts.

> To look upon the most exalted forms of beauty, such as a sunset at sea, the coming of a storm on the prairie, or the sublime majesty of the mountains, begets a sense of sadness, an increasing loneliness. It is not enough to say that man encroaches on man so that we are really deprived of our freedom, that civilization is caused by a bacillus and that from a natural condition we have gotten into a hurly-burly where rivalry is rife -all this may be true, but beyond and outside of all this there is no possible physical environment in way of plenty which earth can supply that will give the tired soul peace. They are happiest who have the least; and the fable of the stricken king and the shirtless beggar contains the germ of truth. The wise hold all earthly ties lightly—they are stripping for eternity 💸 World-weariness is a desire for a better spiritual condition. There is more to be written on this subject of

world-pain-to exhaust the theme would require a FREDERICK

book. And certain it is that I have no wish to say the CHOPIN final word on any topic. The gentle reader has certain rights, and among these is the privilege of summing up the case. But the fact that world-pain is a form of desire, holds. All desires are just, proper and right; and their gratification is the means by which Nature supplies us that which we need. Desire not only causes us to seek that which we need, but is a form of attraction by which the good is brought to us, just as certain ameobæ create a swirl in the waters that brings their food within reach. Every desire in Nature has a fixed, definite purpose in the Divine Economy, and every desire has its proper gratification. If we desire the friendship of a certain person it is because that person has certain soul-qualities that we do not possess and which complement our own. Through desire do we come into possession of our own; by submitting to its beckonings we add cubits to our stature; and we also give out to others our own attributes, without becoming poorer, for soul is not limited.

All Nature is a symbol of spirit, and so I believe that somewhere there must be a proper gratification for this nostalgia of the soul. The Eternal Unities require a condition where men and women shall live to

love, and not to sorrow; where the tyranny of things hated shall not ever prevail, nor that for which the heart yearns turn to ashes at our touch.

# FREDERICK CHOPIN



BELIEVE Stevie is not quite at home here—he'll not remain so very long," said a woman to me in 1895. Five years have gone by, and recently the cable flashed the news that Stephen Crane was dead.

Dead at twenty-nine, with ten books to his credit, two of them good, which is two good books

more than most of us scribblers will ever write. Yes, Stephen Crane wrote two things that are immortal. "The Red Badge of Courage" is the strongest, most vivid work of imagination ever fished from ink-pot by an American.

"Men who write from the imagination are helpless when in presence of the fact," said James Russell Lowell. In answer to which I'll point you "The Open Boat," the sternest, creepiest bit of realism ever penned, and Stevie was in the boat.

American critics honored Stephen Crane with more ridicule, abuse and unkind comment than was bestowed on any other writer of his time. Possibly the vagueness, and the loose, unsleeked quality of his work invited the gibes, jeers, and the loud laughter that tokens the vacant mind; yet as half apology for the critics we might say that scathing criticism never killed good work; and this is true, but it sometimes has killed the man.

Stephen Crane never answered back, nor made expla- FREDERICK nation, but that he was stung by the continued efforts CHOPIN of the press to laugh him down, I am very sure.

The lack of appreciation at home caused him to shake the dust of America from his feet and take up his abode across the sea, where his genius was being recognized, and where strong men stretched out sinewy hands of welcome, and words of appreciation were heard instead of silly, insulting parody. In passing, it is well to note that the five strongest writers of America had their passports to greatness vised in England before they were granted recognition at home. I refer to Walt Whitman, Thoreau, Emerson, Poe and Stephen Crane.

Stevie did not know he cared for approbation, but his constant refusal to read what the newspapers said about him was proof that he did. He boycotted the tribe of Romeike, because he knew that nine clippings out of every ten would be unkind, and his sensitive soul shrank from the pin-pricks.

Contemporary estimates are usually wrong, & Crane is only another of the long list of men of genius to whom Fame brings a wreath and finds her poet dead. Stephen Crane was a reincarnation of Frederick Chopin. Both were small in stature, slight, fair-haired, and of that sensitive, acute, receptive temperament—capable of highest joy and keyed for exquisite pain. Haunted with the prophetic vision of quick-coming death and with the hectic desire to get their work

# CHOPIN

FREDERICK done, they often toiled the night away and were surprised by the rays of the rising sun & Shrinking yet proud, shy but bold, with a tenderness and a feminine longing for love that earth could not requite. At times mad gaiety, that ill masked a breaking heart, took the reins, and the spirits of children just out of school seemed to hold the road. At other times-and this was the prevailing mood-the manner was one of placid, patient, calm and smooth unruffled hope; but back and behind all was a dynamo of energy, a brooding melancholy of unrest, and the crouching worldsorrow that would not down.

Chopin reached sublimity through sweet sounds; Crane attained the same heights through the sense of sight, & words that symboled color, shapes & scenes. In each the distinguishing feature is the intense imagination and active sympathy. Knowledge consists in a sense of values—of distinguishing this from that, for truth lies in the mass. The delicate nuances of Chopin's music have never been equaled by another composer; every note is cryptic, every sound a symbol. And yet it is dance-music, too, but still it tells its story of baffled hope and stifled desire—the tragedy of Poland in sweet sounds.

Stephen Crane was an artist in his ability to convey the feeling by just the right word, or a word misplaced, like a lady's dress in disarray, or a hat askew. This daring quality marks everything he wrote. The recognition that language is fluid, and at best only an expedient, flavors all his work. He makes no fetich of FREDERICK a grammar—if the grammar gets in the way so much CHOPIN the worse for the grammar. All is packed with color, and charged with feeling, yet the work is usually quiet in quality and modest in manner.

Art is born of heart, not head; and so it seems to me that the work of these men whose names I have somewhat arbitrarily linked, will live. Each sowed in sorrow and reaped in grief. They were tender, kind, gentle, with a capacity for love that passes the love of woman. They were each indifferent to the proprieties, very much as children are. They lived in cloisterlike retirement, hidden from the public gaze, or wandered unnoticed and unknown. They founded no schools, delivered no public addresses, and in their own day made small impress on the times. Both were sublimely indifferent to what had been said and done -the term precedent not being found within the covers of their bright lexicon of words. In the nature of each was a goodly trace of peroxide of iron that often manifested itself in the man's work.

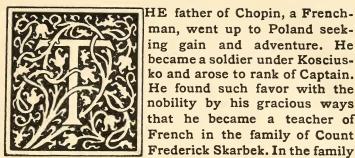
The faults in each spring from an intense personality, uncolored by the surroundings, and such faults in such men are virtues.

They belong to that elect few who have built for the centuries. The influence of Chopin, beyond that of other composers, is alive to-day, and moves unconsciously, but profoundly, every music-maker; the seemingly careless style of Crane is really lapidaric,

FREDERICK and is helping to file the fetters from every writer who CHOPIN has ideas plus, and thoughts that burn.

Mother Nature in giving out energy gives each man about an equal portion. But that ability to throw the weight with the blow, to concentrate the soul in a sonnet, to focus force in a single effort, is the possession of God's Chosen Few. Chopin put his affection, his patriotism, his wrath, his hope, and his heroism into his music. As if the song of all the forest birds could be secured and sealed and saved for us!





HE father of Chopin, a French- FREDERICK man, went up to Poland seek- CHOPIN ing gain and adventure. He became a soldier under Kosciusko and arose to rank of Captain. He found such favor with the nobility by his gracious ways that he became a teacher of French in the family of Count

group was a fair young dependent of nervous temperament-slight, active, gentle and intelligent. She was descended from a line of aristocrats, but in a country where revolutions have been known to begin and end before breakfast, titles stand for little.

Nicholas Chopin, the ex-soldier, teacher of French and Deportment, married this fine young girl, and they lived in one of Count Skarbek's straw-thatched cottages at the village of Zelazowa-Wola, twenty-eight miles from Warsaw. Here it was that Frederick Chopin was born, in the year 1809—that memorable year when Destiny sent a flight of great souls to the planet Earth The

The country was bleak and battle scarred: it had been drained of its men and treasure, and served as a dueling ground and place of the skull for kings and such riff-raff who have polluted this fair world with their boastings of a divine power.

The struggle of Poland to free herself from the grip of

FREDERICK the imperial succubi has generated an atmosphere of CHOPIN ultramarine, so we view the little land of patriots (and fanatics) through a mist of melancholy. The history of Poland is written in blood and tears.

> Go ask John Sobieski, who saw his father hanged by order of Ferdinand Maximilian, and child though he was, realized that banishment was the fate of himself and mother; and then ten years after, himself, stood death-guard over this same Maximilian in Mexico and told that tyrant the story of his life, and shook hands with him, calling it quits, ere the bandage was tied over the eyes of the ex-dictator and the sunlight shut out forever.

Go ask John Sobieski!

The woes of Poland have produced strange men. Under such rule as she has known relentless hate springs up in otherwise gracious hearts from the scattered dragon's teeth; & in other natures, where there is not quite so much of the motive temperament, a deep stain of sorrow and religious melancholy finds expression. The exquisite sensibility, delicate insight, proud reserve and brooding world-sorrow of Frederick Chopin were the inheritance of mother to son. This mother's mind was saturated with the wrongs her people had endured: she herself had suffered every contumely, for where chance had caused fact to falter, imagination had filled the void.

It is easy to say that Chopin's was an abnormal nature and of course it was, but when disease divides this

world from another only by the thinnest veil, the mind FREDERICK has been known to see things with a clearness and CHOPIN vividness never before attained. With Chopin the strands of life were often taut to the breaking point, but ere they snapped their vibration gave forth to us some exquisite harmonies.

And curiously enough this power to see and do is often the possession of dying men. The life flares up in a a flame before it goes out forever. The passion of the consumptive Camille, as portrayed by Dumas, is typical-no healthy woman ever loved with that same intense, eager and almost vindictive desire. It was a race with Death.

Perfect health brings unconsciousness of body, and disease that almost relieves the spirit of this weight of flesh produces the same results. Again we have the law of antithesis.

That such a youth as Frederick Chopin should seek in music a surcease from his world-sorrow is very natural. A stricken people turns to music; it forms a necessary part of all religious observance, & the dirge of the mourners, the wail of the "keener," and the songs of the banshee evolve naturally into being wherever the heart is sore oppressed. It was the slavesongs that made slavery bearable; and in the long ago, exiles in Babylon found a solemn joy by singing the songs of Zion & Chopin drank in the songs of Poland with his mother's milk, and while yet a child began to give them voice in his own way.

FREDERICK In the meantime his father's fortunes had mended a CHOPIN bit, and the family had moved to Warsaw, where Nicholas Chopin was Professor of Languages at the Lyceum. The title of the office fills the mouth in a very satisfying way, but the emoluments attached hardly afforded such a gratification.

In Warsaw there was much misery, for the plunderer had worked conscription and seizure to its farthest limit. Want and destitution were on every hand, but still this brave people maintained their University and clung to its traditions. The family of the Professor of Languages consisted of himself, wife, three daughters and the son Frederick. Their income for several years was not over fifteen dollars a month, but still they managed to maintain an appearance of decency, and by the help of the public library, the free museum and the open-air concerts they kept abreast of the times in literature, art and music.

There was absolute economy required, every particle of food was saved, and when cast off dresses were sent from the home of the Count it was a god-send for the mother and girls, who measured and patched and pieced, making garments for themselves, and Frederick as well; so while their raiment was not gaudy nor expressed in fancy, it served.

Chopin once said to George Sand, "I never can think of my mother without her knitting needles!" And George Sand has recorded, "Frederick never had but one passion and that was his mother."

Into all of her knitting this mother's flying needles FREDERICK worked much love. The entire household was one of CHOPIN mutual service, and gentle, trusting affection. The weekly letters of Chopin to his mother from Paris, and the cold sweat on his forehead at thought of his parents knowing of his relationship with George Sand are credit marks to his character & There is a sweet recompense in mutual deprivations where trials and difficulties only serve to cement the affections; and who shall say how much the wondrous blending of strength and delicacy in the music of Chopin is due to the memory of those early days of toil and trial, of strength and forbearance, of hope and love?

To be born into such a family is a great blessing. The value of the environment is shown in that all three of the sisters became distinguished in literature. Two of them married men of intellect, wealth and worth, and through the collaboration of these sisters books were produced that did for the plain people of Poland what Harriet Martineau's books on sociology did for the people of England & Frederick played and practiced at the Lyceum where his father taught, and the ambition of his parents was that he should grow up and take the place of Professor of Music in the Lyceum. Adalbert Zevyny, one of the leading pianists in the city, became attracted to the boy and took him as a pupil, without pay.

The teacher soon became a little boastful of his precocious pupil, and when there came a public con-

FREDERICK cert for the benefit of the poor we find reference CHOPIN made to Chopin thus, "A child not yet eight years of age played, and connoisseurs say he promises to replace Mozart." A In reality the boy was nearer twelve than eight, but his size and looks suggested to the management the idea of plagiarizing, in advance, our honored countryman, Phineas T. Barnum. Hence the announcement on the programs.

> But now the nobility of the neighborhood began to send carriages for the fair-haired lad, so he could play for their invited guests. Then came snug little honorariums that soon replaced his patched-up wardrobe for something more fashionable. Frederick took all the applause quite as a matter of course and on one occasion, after he had played divinely, he asked a proud lady this question, "How do you like my collar?" He was to the manor born, and the gentle blood of his mother formed him as a fit companion for aristocrats. These occasional musicales at the houses of the great made money matters easier, and Frederick began to take lessons from Joseph Elsner, who taught him the science of composition, and introduced him into the deeper mysteries of music-making. Elsner, it was, more than any other man, who forced the truth upon Chopin that he must play to satisfy himself, and in composition be his own most exacting critic. In other words Elsner developed and strengthened in Chopin the artistic conscience—that impulse which causes an artist to scorn doing anything save his best.

From little excursions to neighboring towns & country FREDERICK houses about Warsaw, Chopin now ventured further CHOPIN away from home, chaperoned by his friend, Prince Radziwill. He visited Berlin, Venice, Prague, Heidelburg and mingled on an absolute equality with the nobility. If they had titles, he had talents. And his talents often made their decorations sing small. His modesty was witching, and while in public concerts his playing was not pronounced enough to capture the gallery, yet in small gatherings he won all hearts, and the fact that he played his own compositions made him an added object of enthusiasm to the elect & Chopin was twenty-two years old when he reached Paris. It was not his intention to remain more than a few weeks, but Paris was to be his home for eighteen years-and



## FREDERICK CHOPIN



WOMAN who beholds her thirtieth birthday in sight, and girlhood gone, is approaching a climacteric in her career. Flaubert has named twenty-nine as the eventful year in the life of woman, & thirty-three for men. Every normal woman craves love and tenderness—these are her God-given right. If they

have not come to her by the time the bloom is fading from her cheeks there is danger of her reaching out and clutching for them. The strongest instinct in young girls is self-protection—they fight on the defensive. But at thirty, women have been known to grow a trifle anxious, just as did the Sabine women who dispatched a messenger to the Romans asking this question, "How soon does the program begin?"

And thus are conditions reversed, for it is the youth of twenty or so who seeks conquest with fiery soul. Alexander was only nineteen when he sighed for more worlds to conquer. He did n't have to wait long before he found that this one had conquered him. Youth considers itself immortal, and its powers without limit, but as a man approaches thirty he grows economical of his resources and parsimonious of his emotions. Men of thirty, or so, are apt to be coy.

And so one might say that it is around thirty that for the first time the man and woman meet on an equality, without sham, shame or pretence. Before that the FREDERICK average woman abounds in affectation and untruth: CHOPIN the man is absurdly aggressive & full of foolish flattery. As to the question, "Should women propose?" the answer is, "Yes, certainly, and they do when they are twenty-nine."

Aurore Dudevant saw her thirtieth birthday looming on the horizon of her life. Nine years before she had been married to an ex-army-officer, who dyed his whiskers purple. Aurore had been a dutiful wife, intent for the first few years on filling her husband's heart and home with joy. She had failed in this, and the proof of failure lay in that he much preferred his dogs. guns and horses to her society. For days he would absent himself on his hunting excursions, and at home he did not have the tact to hide the fact that he was awfully bored & Thackeray, once for all, has given us a picture of the heavy dragoon with a soul for dogs -one to whom all music, save the bay of a fox-hound, makes its appeal in vain. Aurore did n't like dogs for dogs' sake, yet she rode horses astride with a daring that made her husband's bloodshot eyes bulge in alarm. He did n't much care how fast and hard she rode at the fences and over the ditches, but he was supposed to follow her, and this he did not care to do. He had reached an age when a man is mindful of the lime in his bones, and when his 'cross country riding is mostly a matter of memory and imagination, and best done around the convivial table.

FREDERICK Aurore was putting him to the test, that 's all. She CHOPIN was proving to him that she could meet him on his own preserve, give him choice of weapons, and make him cry for mercy.

> Her bent was literature, with music, science and art as side-lines. She read Montaigne, Rochefoucauld, Racine and Moliere, and a modern by the name of Alfred De Musset, and quoted her authors at inconvenient times. She flashed quotations and epigrams upon the doughty dragoon in a way he could neither fend nor parry. At other times she was deeply religious and tearfully penitent.

> In fact, she was living on a skimped allowance of love and had never received the attention that a good woman deserves. Her chains were galling her. She sighed for Paris-forty miles away-Paris and a career.

> The epigrams were coming faster, shot in a sort of frenzy and fever. And when she asked her liege for leave to go to Paris, he granted her prayer, and agreed to give her ten dollars a week allowance.

> She grabbed at the offer, and he bade her God-speed and good riddance.

> So leaving her two children behind, until such time as she could provide a home for them, with scanty luggage and light heart and purse, she started away.

> Other women have gone up to Paris from country towns, too, and the chances are as one to ten thousand that the maelstrom will sweep them into hades.

> But Madam Dudevant was different-in two years she

had won her way to literary fame, and was command- FREDERICK ing the jealous admiration of the best writers of Paris. CHOPIN Her first work was a collaboration with Jules Sandeau in a novel. Every woman who ever wrote well began by collaborating with a man. Sandeau had formerly come from Nohant, and how much he had to do with Madam Dudevant's breaking loose from her home-ties no one knows. Anyway, the second novel was written by the Madam alone, and as a tribute to her friend the name of "George Sand" was placed upon the title page as author. Jules Sandeau, all 'round hack writer and critic, was greatly pleased by the compliment of having his name anglicized and printed on the title page of "Indiana," but later he was not so proud of it. George Sand soon proved herself to be a bigger man than Sandeau.

She was not handsome, either in face or form. She was inclined to be stout-was rather short-and her complexion olive. But she lured with her eyes-great sphinx-like eyes of hazel-brown-that looked men through and through. Liszt has told us that "She had eyes like a cow," which is not so bad as Thomas Carlyle's remark that George Eliot had a face like a horse. George Sand was silent when other women talked, and her look told in a half-proud, half-sad way that she knew all they knew, and all she herself knew beside

Without going into the issue as to what George Sand was not, let us frankly admit that pain, deprivation,

FREDERICK misunderstanding and maternity had taught her many CHOPIN things not found in books, and that she looked at Fate out of her wide open eyes with a gaze that did not blink. She was wise beyond the lot of women. I was just going to say she was a genius, but I remember the remark of the Goncourts to the effect "there are no women of genius-women of genius are men." Possibly the point could be covered by saying George Sand had a man's head and a woman's heart.

> Women did not like her, yet what other woman was ever so honored by a woman as was George Sand in those two matchless sonnets addressed to her by Elizabeth Barrett Browning?

> The amazing energy of George Sand, her finely flowing sentences-all charged with daring satire and insight into the heart of things-made her work sought by readers and publishers. Her pen brought her all the money she needed; and she had secured a divorce from "That Man," & now had her two children with her in Paris. That she could do her literary work and still attend to her manifold social duties must ever mark her as a phenomenon. She was no mere adventuress. That she was systematic, orderly & abstemious in her habits must go without saying, otherwise her vitality would not have held out and allowed her to attend the funerals of nearly all her retainers.

> In throwing overboard the Grub Street Sandeau for Franz Liszt, Madam Dudevant certainly showed discrimination; but in retaining the name of "Sand" she

paid a delicate compliment to the man who first intro- FREDERICK duced her to the world of art. Liszt was too strong a CHOPIN man to remain long captive—he refused to supply the dog-like and abject devotion which Aurore demanded. Then came Michael de Bourges the learned counsel. Calmatto the mezzotinter, Delacroix the artist. De Musset the poet, and Chopin the musician.

It was in 1873 that Chopin and Sand first met at a parlor musicale, where Chopin was taken by Liszt, half against his will, simply because George Sand was to be there

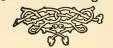
Chopin did not want to meet her.

All Paris had rung with the story of how she and De Musset had gone together to Venice, and then in less than a year had quarreled & separated. Both made good copy of the "poetic interval," as George Sand called it. Chopin was not a stickler for conventionalities, but George Sand's history, for him, proved her to be coarse and devoid of all the finer feeling that we prize in women.

Chopin had no fear of her-not he-only he did not care to add to his circle of acquaintances one so lacking in inward grace and delicacy.

He played at the musicale—it was all very formal—and George Sand pushed her way up through the throng that stood about the piano and looked at the handsome boy as he played—she looked at him with her big hazel, cow eyes, steadfastly, yearningly, and he glancing up saw the eyes were filled with tears.

FREDERICK When the playing ceased, she still stood looking at CHOPIN him, and then she leaned over the piano and whispered, "Your playing makes me live over again every pain that has ever wrung my heart; and every joy, too, that I have ever known is mine again."





FTER their first meeting, when FREDERICK Chopin played at a musicale, CHOPIN George Sand was apt to be there, too-they often came together. She was five years older than he, and looked fifteen, for his slight figure and delicate, boyish face gave him the appearance of youth unto the very last. In her letters to Madam

Mariani, George Sand often refers to Chopin as "My Little One," and when some one spoke of him as "The Chopinetto," the name seemed to stick.

That she was the man in the partnership is very evident. He really needed some one to look after him, provide mustard plasters and run for the camphor and the hot water bottle. He was the one who did the weeping and pouting, had the "nerves" and made the scenes; while she, on such occasions, would viciously roll a cigarette, swear under her breath, console and pooh-pooh.

Liszt has told us how on one occasion she had gone out at night for a storm-walk and Chopin, being too ill, or disinclined to go, remained at home. Upon her return she found him in a conniption, he having composed a prelude to ward off an attack of cold feet, and was now ready to scream through fear that something had happened to her. As she entered the door he arose, staggered and fell before her in a fainting fit &

FREDERICK A whole literature has grown up around the relations CHOPIN of Chopin and George Sand, and the lady in the case has, herself, set forth her brief with painstaking detail in her "Historie de Ma Vie." With De Musset, George Sand had to reckon on dealing with a writing man, and his accounts of "The Little White Blackbird" had taught her caution. Thereafter she abjured the litterateurs, excepting when in her old age she allowed Gustave Flaubert to come within her sacred circle—but her friendship with Flaubert was placidly platonic, as all the world knows. And so were her relations with Chopin, provided we accept her version as gospel fact.

George Sand lacked the frankness of Rousseau; but I think we should be willing to accept the lady's statements, for she was present and really the only one in possession of the facts, excepting, of course, Chopin, and he was not a writer. He could express himself only at the keyboard, and the piano is no graphophone, for which let all be duly thankful. So we are without Chopin's side of the story. We, however, have some vigorous writing by a man by the name of Hadow WA

Mr. Hadow enters the lists panoplied with facts, and declares that the friendship was strictly platonic, being on the woman's side of a purely maternal order. Chopin was sick & friendless and Madam Dudevant, knowing his worth to the art world, succored him -nursing him as a Sister of Charity might, sacrificing

herself, and even risking her reputation in order to re- FREDERICK store him to life and health.

CHOPIN

And this view of the case I am quite willing to accept. Mr. Hadow is no joker, like that man who has recently written an appreciation of Zantippe, showing that the wife of Socrates was one of the most patient women who ever lived, and only at times resorted to heroic means in order to drive her husband out into the world of thought. She willingly sacrificed her own good name that another might have literary life.

Hadow has gotten all the facts together and then dispassionately drawn his conclusions; and these conclusions are eminently complimentary to all parties concerned 2525

It was only a few months after Chopin met George Sand that he was attacked by a peculiar hacking cough. His friends were sure it was consumption, and a leading physician gave it as his opinion that if the patient spent the approaching winter in Paris, it would be death in March.

The facts being brought to the notice of George Sand, she had but one thought—to save the life of this young man. He was too ill to decide what was best to do, and was never able by temperament to take the initiative. anyway, so this strong and capable woman, forgetful of self and her own interests, made all the arrangements and took him to the Isle of Majorca in the Mediterranean Sea. There she cared for him alone as she might for a babe, for six long weary months. They

FREDERICK lived in the cells of an old Monastery at Valdemosa, CHOPIN away up on the mountain side overlooking the sea. Here where the roses bloomed the whole year through, surrounded by groves of orange trees, shut in by vines and flowers, with no society save that of the sacristan and an aged woman servant, she nursed the deathstricken man back to life and hope.

> To better encourage him she sent for and surprised him with his piano, which had to be carried up the mountain on the back of mules. In the quiet cloisters she cared for him with motherly tenderness, and there he learned again to awake the slumbering echoes with divine music. Several of his best pieces were composed at Majorca during his convalescence, where the soft semi-tropical breeze laved his cheek, the birds warbled him their sweetest carols, and away down below, the sea, mother of all, sang her ceaseless lullaby & When they returned to France the following spring, M. Dudevant had accommodatingly vacated the family residence at Nohant in favor of his wife. It was here she took the convalescent Chopin. He was charmed with the rambling old house, its walled-in gardens with their arbors of clustering grapes, and the green meadow stretching down to the water's edge, where the little river ran its way to the ocean.

> Back of the house was a great forest of mighty trees, beneath whose thick shade the sun's rays never entered, and a half mile away arose the spire of the village church. There were no neighbors, save a cheery old

priest and the simple villagers who made respectful FREDERICK obeisance as they passed.

CHOPIN

Here it was that Matthew Arnold came to pay his tribute to genius, also Liszt and the fair Countess d'Agoult, Delacroix, Renan, Lamennais, Lamartine, and so many others of the great and excellent.

Chopin was enchanted with the place, and refused to go back to Paris. Madam Dudevant insisted, and explained to him that she took him to Majorca to spend the winter, she had no intention or thought of caring for him longer than the few months that might be required to restore him to health. But he cried and clung to her with such half-childish fright, that she had not heart to send him away.

The summer months passed and the leaves began to turn scarlet & gold, and he only consented to return to Paris on her agreeing to go with him. So they returned together, and had rooms not so very far apart.

He went back sturdily to his music teaching, with an occasional musicale, yet gave but one public concert in the space of ten years.

The exquisite quality of Chopin's playing appealed only to the sacred few, but his piano scores were slowly finding sale, through the advertisement they received by being played by Liszt, Tausig and others. Yet the critics almost uniformly condemned his work as bizarre and erratic.

Each summer he spent at lovely Nohant, and there found the rest and quiet which got nerves back to the FREDERICK norm and allowed him to go on with his work So CHOPIN passed the years away.

Of this we are very sure—no taint exists on the record of Chopin excepting possibly his relationship with George Sand. That he endeavored to win her full heart's love, for the purpose of honorable marriage, Mr. Hadow is fully convinced. But when his suit failed, after an eight years' courtship, and the lover was discarded, he ceased to work. His heart was broken; he lingered on for two years, and then he died, aged forty years.





HERE is a tendency to judge a FREDERICK work of art by its size. Thus the CHOPIN sculptor who does an "heroic figure" is the man who looms large to the average visitor at the art gallery.

Chopin wrote no lengthy symphonies, oratorios or operas. His music is poetry set to exquisite sounds. Poetry is an

ecstacy of the spirit, and ecstacies in their very nature are not sustained moods.

The poetic mood is transient. A composition by Chopin is a soul-ecstacy, like unto the singing of a lark 30.

No other man but Chopin should have been allowed to set the songs of Shelley to music. With such names as Shelley, Keats, Poe and Crane must Chopin's name be linked.

In Chopin's music there is much loose texture; there are wide-meshed chords, daring leaps and abrupt arpeggios. These have often been pointed out as faults, but such harmonious discords are now properly valued, and we see that Chopin's lapses all had meaning and purpose, in that they impart a feeling—making their appeal to souls that have suffered—souls that know

More of Chopin's music is sold in America every year than was sold altogether during the life-time of the FREDERICK composer. His name and fame grow with each year CHOPIN Everywhere—wherever a piano is played—on concert platform, in studio or private parlor, there you will find the work of Frederick Chopin. That such a wide-spread distribution must have a potent & powerful effect upon the race goes without argument, although the farthest limit of that influence no man can mark. It is registered with Infinity alone And thus does that modest, mild and gentle revolutionist live again in minds made better.



SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF FREDERICK CHOPIN: AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD, THE TITLE PAGE AND INITIALS BEING DESIGNED BY ROYCROFT ARTISTS & THE WHOLE DONE INTO A PRINTED BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS, AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, NEW YORK, IN THE MONTH OF MARCH, IN THE YEAR MCMI.

# When You Get Chere

You are within from half a minute to fifteen minutes of seventy-seven hotels, eighty-five clubs, and thirty-one theaters. All this, provided you arrive in the second city of the world at GRAND CENTRAL STATION, this being the Metropolitan terminus of the NEW YORK CENTRAL, which is the only trunk line whose trains enter the City of New York.



The following remark of an experienced traveler tells the whole story:

"For the excellence of its track, the speed of its trains, the safety and comfort of its patrons, the loveliness and variety of its scenery, the number and importance of its cities, and the uniformly correct character of its service, the NEW YORK CENTRAL is not surpassed by any similar institution on either side of the Atlantic."

# LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

# WOLFGANG MOZART

Val. VIII. APRIL, 1901. No. 4.

By ELBERT HUBBARD





Single Copies, 25 cents

By the Year, \$3.00

# Little Journeys

to the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

By ELBERT HUBBARD

## Series of 1901

The subjects will be in the following order:

- I. WAGNER
- 2. PAGANINI
- 3. CHOPIN
- 4. MOZART
- 5. BACH
- 6. MENDELSSOHN

- 7. LISZT
- 8. BEETHOVEN
- o. HAYDN
- 10 VERDI
- II. SCHUMANN
- 12. BRAHMS

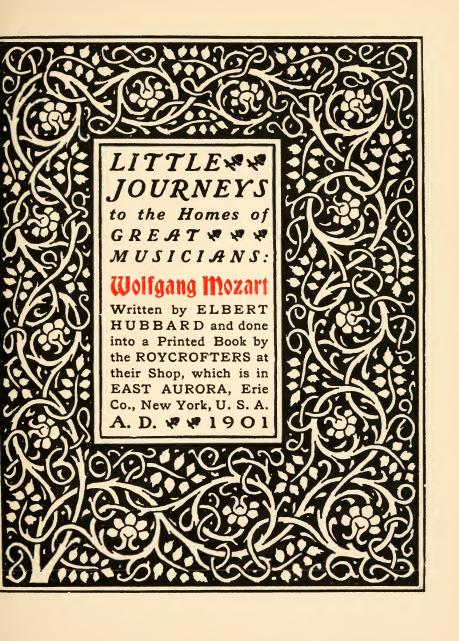
One booklet a month will be issued as usual, beginning January 1st.

The LITTLE JOURNEYS for 1901 will be strictly de luxe in form and workmanship. The type will be a new set of antique black face; the initials designed especially for this work; a frontispiece photogravure portrait from the original drawing made at our shop in each on Japan Vellum. The booklets stitched by hand with silk.

The price—25 cents each, or \$3.00 for the year.

## THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.

Entered at the Postoffice at East Aurora, New York, for transmission as second-class mail matter. Copyright, 1901, by Elbert Hubbard.





Mozart composed nine hundred and twenty-two pieces of which we know. He is considered the greatest composer the world has ever seen, judged by the versatility and power of his genius. In every sort and kind of composition he was equally excellent. Beside being a great composer he was also a great performer, being the most accomplished pianist of his day. He was also an excellent player on the violin.

—Dudley Buck.













Y APOLOGY: The "Little Journey WOLFGANG to the Home of Mozart" was all MOZART written, and as over a month had been taken to do the task, the result was something of which I was justly proud. It was quite unlike anything ever before written A The printers were ready to take the work in hand, but I begged them to allow me two more days for careful revision; and as I was just starting away to give a lecture at Janesville, Wisconsin, I took the manuscript with me, intending to do the final work of revision on the train

All went well on the journey, the lecture had been given with no special tokens of disapproval on part of the audience, and I was on board the early morning train that leaves for Chicago. As my mind is usually fairly clear in the early hours, I began at work retouching the good MS. We were nearing Beloit when I bethought me to go into the Buffet Car for a moment.

When I returned the MS. was not to be seen. I looked in various seats, and under the seats, asked my neigh-

WOLFGANG bors, enquired of the brakeman and then hunted up the MOZART porter and asked him if he had seen my manuscript. He did not at first understand what I meant by the term "manuscript," but finally enquired if I referred to a pile of dirty, dog-eared sheets of paper, all marked up and down and over and criss-cross, ev'rywhich-way.

I assured him that he understood the case.

He then informed me that he had "chucked the stuff," that is to say, he had tossed it out of the window, as he was cleaning up his car, just as he always did before reaching Chicago.

I made a frantic reach for the bell cord, but was restrained. A sympathetic passenger came forward and explained that five miles back he had seen the sheets of my precious MS. sailing across the prairie & We were going at the rate of a mile a minute and the wind was blowing fiercely, so there was really no need of backing up the train to regain the lost goods.

"I hope dem scribbled papers was no 'count, boss!" said the porter humbly, as I stood sort of dazed, gazing into vacancy

I shook myself into partial sanity. "Oh, they were of no value, I was just looking for them so as to throw them out of the window myself," I answered.

"Brush?" said he.

"Yes," said I.

I placed the expected quarter in his dusky palm, still pondering on what I should do.

To reproduce the matter was impossible, for I have no WOLFGANG verbal memory—something must be written, though. MOZART

♣ I decided to leave Chicago in an hour by the Lake Shore Railroad, and have the copy ready for the Roycroft boys when I reached home.

This I did, and as I had no reference books, maps or memoranda to guide me, the matter seems to lack synthesis. I say seems to lack—but it really does n't, for the facts will all be found to be as stated. Still the form may be said to be slightly colored by the environment, and so some explanation is in order,—hence this apology to the Gentle Reader. And further, if the Reader should find in these pages that, at rare intervals, I use

the personal pronoun, he must bear in mind that I live in the country, and that it is the privilege and right, established by long precedent and custom, of country folk to talk about themselves and their own affairs if they are so minden.



## WOLFGANG MOZART



HICAGO: Talent is usually purchased at a high price, and if the gods give you a generous supply of this, they probably will be niggardly when it comes to that. But one thing the artist is usually long on, and that is whim. Let us all pray to be delivered from whim—it is the poisoner of our joys, the

corrupter of our peace, and Dead-Sea fruit for all those about us

Heaven deliver us from whim!

I am told by a famous impressario, who gained some valuable experience by marrying a prima donna, and therefore should know, that whim is a purely feminine attribute. This though, is surely a mistake, for there have lived men, as well as women, who had such an exaggerated sense of their own worth, that they lost sight, entirely, of the rights and feelings of everybody else. All through life they kept the stage waiting without punctilio. These men thought dogs were made to kick, servants to rail at, the public to be first crawled to and then damned, and all rivals to be pooh-poohed, cursed or feared, as the mood might prompt. Further than this they considered all landlords robbers, every railroad manager a rogue, and business men they bunched as greedy, grasping Shylocks. They always used the word "commercial" as an epithet.

Devotees of the histrionic art can lay just claim to

having more than their share of whim, but the musical WOLFGANG profession has no reason to be abashed, for it is a MOZART good second. However, the actor's and the musician's art are often not far separated. In speaking to Mr. James McNeill Whistler of a certain versatile musician, a lady once said, "I believe he also acts!"

"Madame, he does nothing else," replied Mr. Whistler. Art is not a thing separate and apart—art is only the beautiful way of doing things. And is it not most absurd to think that because a man has the faculty of doing a thing well, that on this account he should assume airs and declare himself exempt along the line of morals and manners? The expression "artistic temperament" is often an apologetic term, like "literary sensitiveness," which means that the man has stuck to one task so long that he is unable to meet his brother-men on a respectful equality.

The artist is the voluptuary of labor, and his fantastic tricks often seem to be only Nature's way of equalizing matters, and showing the world that he is very common clay, after all. To be modest and gentle and kind, as we all can be, is just as much to God as to be learned and talented, and yet a cad.



APORTE: Still, instances of great talent and becoming modesty are sometimes found; and in no great musician was the balance of virtues held more gracefully than with Mozart. He had humor. Ah! that is it—he knew values—had a sense

WOLFGANG of proportion, and realized that there is a time to laugh. MOZART And a good time to laugh is when you see a mighty bundle of pretense and affectation coming down the street. Dignity is the mask behind which we hide our ignorance; and our forced dignity is what makes the imps of comedy, who sit aloft in the sky, hold their sides in merriment when they behold us demanding obeisance because we have fallen heir to tuppence worth of talent

Mozart had a sense of humor. He knew a big thing from a little one. When yet a child the tendency to comedy was strong upon him. When nine years of age he once played at a private musicale where the Empress, Maria Theresa, was present. The lad even then was a consummate violinist. He had just played a piece that contained such a tender, mournful minor strain that several of the ladies were in tears. The boy seeing this, relentingly dashed off into a "barnyard symphony," where hens cackled, donkeys brayed, pigs squealed and cows mooed, all ending with a terrific cat fight on a wood-shed roof. This done, the boy threw his violin down, ran across the room, climbed into the lap of the Empress and throwing his arms around the neck of the good lady, kissed her a resounding smack first on one cheek, then on the other. It was all very much like that performance of Liszt, who one day when he was playing the piano, suddenly shouted, "Pitch everything out of the windows!" and then proceeded to do it—on the key-board, of course.

On the same visit to the palace, when Mozart saluted WOLFGANG Maria Theresa in his playful way, he had the misfor- MOZART tune to slip and fall on the waxed floor. Marie Antoinette, daughter of Maria Theresa, just budding into womanhood, ran and picked him up and rubbed his knee where it was hurt. "You are a dear good lady," said the boy in gratitude, "and when I grow up I am going to marry you." Liszt never made any such promise as that. Liszt never offered to marry anybody. But it is too bad that Marie Antoinette did not hold the lad to his promise. It would have probably proved a valuable factor for her in the line of longevity; and her husband's circumstances would have saved her from making that silly enquiry as to why poor people don't eat cake when they run short of bread. These moods of merriment continued with Mozart, as they did with

Liszt, all his life—not always manifesting themselves, though, exactly in the way just described As a companion I would choose Mozart, generous, unaffected, kind, rather than any other musician who ever played, danced, sang or composed-excepting, well, say, Brahms.



## WOLFGANG MOZART



OUTH BEND: We take an interest in the lives of others because we always, when we think of another, imagine our relationship to him. "Had I met Shakespeare on the stairs I should have fainted dead away," said Thackeray.

Another reason why we are interested in biography is because, to

a degree, it is a repetition of our own life. There are certain things that happen to everyone, and the rest we think might have happened to us, and may yet. So as we read, we unconsciously slip into the life of the other man and confuse our identity with his. To put yourself in his place is the only way to understand and appreciate him. It is imagination that gives us this faculty of transmigration of souls; and to have imagination is to be universal; not to have it is to be provincial. Let me see—would n't you rather be a citizen of the Universe than a citizen of Peoria, Illinois, which modest town the actors always speak of as being one of the provinces?

As I read biography I always keep thinking what I would have done in certain described circumstances, and so not only am I living the other man's life, but I am comparing my nature with his. Everything is comparative; that is the only way we realize anything—by comparing it with something else. As you read of the great man he seems very near to you. You reach

out across the years and touch hands with him, and WOLFGANG with him you hope, suffer, strive and enjoy: your ex- MOZART istence is all blurred and fused with his.

And through this, oneness you come to know and comprehend a character that has once existed, very much better than the people did who lived in his day and were blind to his worth by being caught in cliques that were in competition with him.



LKHART: I intimated a few pages back that I would have liked to have Mozart for a friend & companion. Mozart needed me no less than I need him. "Genius needs a keeper," once said Mr. I. Zangwill, probably with himself in mind. We

all need friends—and to be your brother's keeper is very excellent if you do not cease being his friend. And poor Mozart did so need a friend who could stand between him and the rapacious wolf that scratched and sniffed at his door as long as he lived I do not know why the wolf sniffed, for Mozart really never had anything worth carrying away. He was so generous that his purse was always open, and so full of unmixed pity that the beggars passed his name along and made cabalistic marks on his gate-posts. Every seedy, needy, thirsty and ill-appreciated musician in Germany regarded him as lawful prey. They used to say to Mozart, "I cannot beg and to dig I am ashamed—so grant me a small loan, I pray thee."

Yes, Mozart needed me to plan his tours and market

WOLFGANG his wares. I'm no genius, and although they say I was MOZART an infant terrible, I never was an infant prodigy. At the tender age of six, Mozart was giving concerts and astonishing Europe with his subtle skill. At a like age I could catch a horse in the pasture by baiting him with a nubbin, climb his back, and without saddle or bridle drive him wherever I list by the judicious use of a tattered hat. Of course I took pains to mount only a horse that had arrived at years of discretion, matronly brood mares or run down plow horses; but this is only a proof of my practical turn of mind & Mozart never learned how to control either horse or man by means of a tattered hat or diplomacy: music was his hobby, and it was long years after his death before the world discovered that his hobby was no hobby at all, but a genuine automobile that carried him miles and miles. clear beyond all his competitors: so far ahead that he was really out of shouting distance.

Indeed, Mozart took such an early start in life and drove his machinery so steadily, not to say so furiously, that at thirty-five all the bearings grew hot for lack of re-babbitting, and the vehicle went the way of the one horse shay-all at once and nothing first, just as bubbles do when they burst.

At the age which Mozart died I had seen all I wanted to of business life, in fact I had made a fortune, being the only man in America who had all the money he wanted, and so just turned about and went to college. This I firmly hold is a better way than to be sent to

college and then go into trade later and forget all you WOLFGANG ever learned at school. I had rather go to college than MOZART be sent. Every man should get rich that he might know the worthlessness of riches; and every man should have a college education, just to realize how little the thing is worth.

Yes. Mozart needed a friend whose abilities could have rounded out and made good his deficiencies.

Most certainly I could not do the things he did. but I should have been his helper, and might, too, had not a century, one wide ocean, and a foreign language separated us.



#### WOLFGANG MOZART



ATERLOO: Friendship is better than love for a steady diet. Suspicion, jealousy, prejudice and strife follow in the wake of love; and disgrace, murder and suicide lurk just around the corner from where love coos. Love is a matter of propinquity; it makes demands, asks for proofs, requires a token. But

friendship seeks no ownership—it only hopes to serve, and it grows by giving. Do not say, please, that this applies also to love. Love bestows only that it may receive, and a one-sided passion turns to hate in a night, and then demands vengeance as its right and portion. Friendship asks for no rash promises, demands no foolish vows, is strongest in absence and most loyal when needed. It lends ballast to life, and gives steadiness to every venture. Through our friends we are made brothers to all who live.

I think I would rather have had Mozart for a friend than to love and be loved by the greatest prima donna who ever warbled in high C. Friendship is better than love. Friendship means calm, sweet sleep, clear brain and a strong hold on sanity. Love I am told is only friendship, plus something else. But that something else is a great disturber of the peace, not to say digestion. It sometimes racks the brain until the world reels. Love is such a tax on the emotions that this way madness lies. Friendship never yet led to suicide.



OLEDO: Yes, just at the age when Mo- WOLFGANG zart composed and played his "Requi- MOZART em," getting ready to die, I was going to school and incidentally falling in love. I was thirty-four and shaved clean because there were gray hairs coming in my

beard. Love has its advantages, of course, and the benefits of passionate love consist in scarifying one's sensibilities until they are raw, thus making one able to sympathize with those who suffer. Love sounds the feelings with a leaden plummet that sinks to the very depths of one's soul. This once done the emotions can return with ease, and so this is why no singer can sing, or painter paint, or sculptor model, or writer write, until love or calamity, often the same thing, has sounded the depths of his soul. Love makes us wise because it makes room inside the soul for thoughts and feelings to germinate; but passionate love as a lasting mood would be hell. Henry Finck says that is why Nature has fixed a two year limit on romantic or passionate love. "War is hell," said General Sherman. "All is fair in love and war," says the old proverb. Love and War are one, say I. Love is mad, raging unrest and a vain, hot reaching out for nobody-knowswhat. Of course the kind which I am talking about is the Grand Passion, not the sort of sentiment that one entertains toward his grandmother.

"But it is good to fall in love, just as it is well to have the measles," to quote Schopenhauer. Still, there is WOLFGANG this difference: one only has the measles once, but the

MOZART man who has loved is never immune, and no amount of pledges or resolves can ere avail.

Just here seems a good place to express a regret that the English language is such a crude affair that we use the same word to express a man's regard for roastbeef, his dog, child, wife and Deity. There are those who speedily cry "Hold!" when one attempts to improve on the language, but I now give notice that on the first rainy day I am going to create some distinctions and differentiate for posterity along the line just mentioned.



LYDE: As intimated in a former chapter, I was a successful farmer before I went to college. I was also a manufacturer, and made a success in this business, too. I made a fortune of a hundred thousand dollars before I was thirty, and

would have had it yet had I sat down and watched it. If you go into a railroad car & sit down by the side of your valise (or manuscript), in an hour your valuables will probably be there all right. But if you leave the valise (or the manuscript) in a seat and go into another car, when you come back the goods may be there and they may not. That is the only way to keep moneyfasten your eye right on it. If you leave it in the hands of others, and go away to delve in books, when you get back the probabilities are that certain obese attorneys have divided your substance among them.

However, there is good in every exigency of life, and WOLFGANG to know that your fortune is gone-gone past recall- MOZART is a great relief. You are free from all responsibility in the matter. When the trial is ended and the prisoner has received his sentence, he feels a great relief, for it is only the unknown that fills our souls with quaking



apprehension •

LEVELAND: In all the realm of artistic history no record of such extremes can be found in one life as those seen in the life of Mozart. The nearest approach to it is found in the career of Rembrandt. who won fame and fortune at thirty, and

then holding the pennant high for ten years, his powers began to decline. It took twenty-six years of steady down grade to ditch his destinies in a pauper's grave. But Rembrandt, during his lifetime, was scarcely known out of Holland, whereas Mozart not only won the nod of nobility, and the favor of the highest in his own land, but he went into the enemy's country & captured Italy. Mozart's art never languished: he held a firm grip on sublime verities right to the day of his death. High water-mark in Mozart's career was reached in those two years in Italy, when in his thirteenth and fourteenth years. The arts all go hand in hand, for the reason that strong men inspire strong men, and each does what he can do best. In painting, sculpture and music (not to mention Nicoli Stradivarius of Cremona) Italy has led the world. A hundred years ago no

MOZART

WOLFGANG musician could hope for the world's acclaim until Italy had placed its stamp of approval upon him.

> Savants in Milan, Florence, Padua, Rome, Verona, Venice and Naples tested the powers of young Mozart to their fullest; and although he had to overcome doubt and the prejudice arising from being "a barbaric German," yet the highest honors were at the last ungrudgingly paid him. He was enrolled as an honorary member of numerous musical societies, old musicians gave him their blessing, proud ladies craved the privilege of kissing his fair forehead, and the Pope conferred upon the gifted boy the Order of the Golden Spur, which gave him the right to have his mail come directed to "The Signor Cavaliere Mozarti."

> At Naples the result of his marvelous playing was ascribed to enchantment, and this was thought to be centered in a diamond ring that had been presented to the lad by a fair lady in a mood of ecstacy. To convince the Neapolitans of their error Mozart was obliged to accept their challenge & remove the ring. He wrote home to his mother that he had no time to practice, as in every city where he went artists insisted on his sitting for his portrait

> The acme of attention and applause was reached at Milan where he was commissioned to write an opera for the Christmas festivities. The production of this opera at La Scala was the most glorious item in the life of Mozart. A boy of fourteen conducting an opera of his own composition before enraptured multitudes

is an event that stands to the credit of Mozart, and WOLFGANG Mozart alone. "Evviva the Little Master—Evviva the MOZART Little Master!" cried the audience. "It is music for the stars," and against all precedent aria after aria had to be repeated. The boy, always rather small for his age, stood on a chair to wield his baton, and the flowers that were rained

upon him nearly covered the lad from view.

#### WOLFGANG MOZART



SHTABULA: The place of a man's birth does not honor him until after he is dead, and every man of genius has been distrusted by his intimate kinsmen. If he is granted recognition by the outside world, those who have known him from childhood wink slyly and repeat Phineas T. Barnum's

aphorism, a free paraphrase of which the Germans have used since the days of the Vandals.

Leopold Mozart returned home with his wonderful boy not much richer than when he went away. He had left the financial management to others and was quite content to travel in a special carriage, stop at the best hotels and have any "label" he might order, just for the asking.

Reports had reached Germany of the wonderful success of young Mozart in Italy, but Vienna smiled and Salzburg sneezed.



RIE: It was not so very long ago that all the beautiful things of earth were supposed to belong to the Superior Class. That is to say, all the toilers, all the workers in metals, all the book-makers, authors, poets, painters, sculptors and

musicians, did their work to please this noble or that.

All bands of singers were singers to His Lordship, and if a man wrote a book he dedicated it to His Royal

Highness. At first these thinkers and doers were ver- WOLFGANG itable slaves, and no court was complete that did not MOZART have its wise man who wore the cap and bells, and made puns, epigrams and quoted wise saws and modern instances for his board and keep. This man usually served as a clerk or overseer, during his odd hours. and only appeared to give a taste of his quality when he was sent for. It was the same with the musicians and singers-they were cooks, waiters and valets, and when there were guests these performers were notified to be in readiness to "do something" if called upon. It was the same with painters—every court had its own. Rubens, as we know, was looked upon by the Duke of Mantua as his private property, and the artist had to run away when the time was ripe, to save his soul alive. Van Dyck was court painter to Charles the First, and married when he was told to do so There is no such office as "Poet Laureate of England" -the Laureate is poet to the King, and used to dine with the Master of the Hounds. Later he was allowed to choose his domicile and live in his own hired house, like St. Paul, the prisoner, at Rome. His yearly stipend is yet that tierce of Canary.



ILVER CREEK: Leopold Mozart, and the son who caused his name to endure. were in the employ of the Bishop of Salzburg. The Archbishop was a veritable prince, with short breath and a double chin, and no shade of doubt ever

WOLFGANG came to him concerning the divinity of his succession. MOZART He ruled by divine right and everybody and everything was made to minister to the well-being of his person and estate. The Mozarts were too poor to escape from the employ of the Archbishop, and he took pains to warn all interested persons not to harbor, encourage or entice his servants away on penalty of dire displeasure. Mozart ate with the servants, and we have his letters written to his sister showing how his seat was next below that of the coachman. When he was to play before invited guests he was made to wait in the entry until the footman called him, and there he often stood for hours, first on one foot, then on t'other. It is easy to ask why a man of such sublime talent should endure such treatment, but the simple fact is Mozart was gentle, yielding, kind-immersed in his music-with no power to set his will against the tide of tendency that 'compassed him round. The Archbishop forbade his playing at concerts or entertainments, and blocked the way to all advancement. The Archbishop did n't have a diplomat like Rubens to cope with, or a fighter like Wagner, or a plotter like Liszt, or a stiletto bearing man like Paganini, and so Mozart wrote his music on a little table in one corner of a beer-garden, and waltzed with his wife, Constance, to keep warm when there was no fire and the weather was cold, and all the time danced attendance on the Archbishop of Salzburg. All of his feeble, spasmodic efforts at freedom came to naught, because there was

no persistency behind them. Gladly would he have sold WOLFGANG his services for three hundred gulden a year, but even MOZART this sum, equal to one hundred and fifty dollars a year, was denied him. He was always composing, always making plans, always seeing the silver tint in the clouds, but all of his music was taken by this one or that in whom he foolishly trusted, and only debt and humiliation followed him. When at long intervals a sum would come his way from a generous admirer touched with pity, all the beggars in the neighborhood seemed to know it at once. Then it was that music filled the air at the beer-garden, carking care and unkind fate were for the time forgot, and all went merry as a wedding bell -

Finally the position of Court Musician to the Emperor of Austria fell vacant, and certain friends of Mozart secured him the place. But the Emperor was not like Frederick the Great, for he could not distinguish one tune from another, and did not consider it any special virtue so to do. The result was that his musicians were

looked after by his valet, and Mozart found that his position was really no better than it had been with the Archbishop of Salzburg. And still his mind proved infirm of purpose, and he had not the courage to demand his right for fear he might lose even the little that he had.

#### WOLFGANG MOZART



UFFALO: Mozart was in his twentieth year when he met Aloysia Weber. She was gifted as a singer, surely, and was needlessly healthy. She was of that peculiar, heartless type that finds digression in leading men a merry chase & then flaunting & flouting them. Young Mozart, the impression-

able, Mozart the delicate and sensitive, Mozart the Æolian harp, played upon by every passing breeze, loved this bouncing bundle of pink and white tyranny. She encouraged the passion, and it gradually grew until it absorbed the boy and he grew oblivious to all else. He lived in her smile, bathed in the sunshine of her presence, fed on her words, and as for her singing in opera it was not so much what her voice was now but what he was sure it would be. His glowing imagination made good her every deficiency. He thought he loved the girl. It was not the girl at all he loved, he only loved the ideal that existed in his own heart His father opposed the mating and hastily transferred the youth from Vienna to Paris, but who ever heard of opposition and argument and forced separation curing love? So matters ran on and letters and messages passed, and finally Mozart made his way back to Vienna and with breathless haste sought out the object of his whole heart's love.

She had recently met a man she liked better, and as 106

she could not hold them both, treated Mozart as a WOLFGANG stranger, and froze him to the marrow.

MOZART

He was crushed, undone, and a fit of sickness followed. In his illness, Constance, a younger sister of Aloysia, came to him in pity and nursed him as a child. Very naturally all the love he had felt for Aloysia was easily and readily transferred to Constance. The tendrils of the heart ruthlessly uprooted cling to the first object that presents itself.

And so Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart and Constance Weber were married. And they were happy ever afterward. It would have been much better if they had quarreled, but Mozart's gentle, yielding character readily adapted itself to the weaker nature of his wife. In his music she took a sort of blind and deaf delight and guessed its greatness because she loved the man. But when two weak wills combine, the net result is increased weakness-never strength.

Constance was as beautiful a specimen of the slipshod housekeeper as ever piled away breakfast dishes unwashed, or swept dirt under a settee. If they had money she bought things they did not need, and if there was no money she borrowed provisions and forgot to return the loan. Irregularity of living, deprivation and hope deferred, made the woman ill and she became a chronic sufferer. But she was ever tended with loving, patient care by the over-burdened and under-fed husband.

A biographer tells how Mozart would often arise early in the morning to set down some melody in music that

WOLFGANG he had dreamed out during the night. On such occa-MOZART sions he would leave a little love letter for his wife on the stand at the head of the bed, where she would find it on first awakening. One such note, freely translated, runs as follows: "Good-morning, Dear Little Wife. I hope you rested well and had sweet dreams. You were sleeping so peacefully that I dare not kiss your cheek for fear of disturbing you. It is a beautiful morning and a bird outside is singing a song that is in my heart. I am going out to catch the strain and write it down as my own and yours. I will be back in an hour."



AST AURORA: Aloysia married the man of her choice—an actor by the name of Lange. They quarreled right shortly, and soon he used to beat her. This was endured for a year or more, then she left him. For a while she lived with Wolf-

gang and Constance, and Mozart, true to his nature, gave her from his own scanty store and deprived himself for her benefit. He stood godfather to one of her children and was a true friend to her to the last After Aloysia lived to be an old woman, and long after Mozart had passed out, and the world had begun to utter his praises, she said: "I never for a moment thought he was a genius-I always considered him just a nice little man."

Mozart's soul was filled with melody, and all of his music is faultless and complete. He possessed the artistic conscience to a degree that is unique. Careless

and heedless in all else, if his mood was not right and WOLFGANG the product was halting, he straightway destroyed the MOZART score. He was always at work, always hearing sweet sounds, always weighing and balancing them in the delicate scales of his judgment.

So absorbed was he in his art that he fell an easy victim to the designing, and never stopped his work long enough to strike off the shackles that bound him to a vain, selfish and unappreciative court.

Worn by constant work, worried by his wife's continued illness, dogged by creditors, and unable to get justice from those who owed it to him, his nerves at the early age of thirty-five gave way. His vitality rapidly declined and at last went out as a candle does when blown upon by a sudden gust from an open door

It was a blustering winter day in December, 1791, when his burial occurred. A little company of friends assembled, but no funeral dirge was played for him, save the blast blown through the naked branches of the trees, as they hurried the plain pine coffin to its final resting place. At the gate of the cemetery the few friends turned back and left the lifeless clay to the old grave-digger, who never guessed the honor thus done him.

It was a pauper's grave that closed over the body of Mozart-coffin piled on coffin, and no one marked the spot. All we know is, that somewhere in St. Mark's Cemetery, Vienna, was buried in a trench the

WOLFGANG most accomplished composer and performer the world MOZART has ever known. It was just a hundred years afterward before the city made tardy amends by erecting a monument to his memory.

But his best monument is his work. The melody that once filled his soul is yours and mine; for by his art he made us heirs to all that wealth of love that was never requited, and the dreams, that for him, never came true, are our precious and priceless legacy.



SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF WOLFGANG MOZART, AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD, THE TITLE PAGE AND INITIALS BEING DESIGNED BY ROYCROFT ARTISTS & THE WHOLE DONE INTO A PRINTED BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS, AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, NEW YORK, IN THE MONTH OF APRIL, IN THE YEAR MCMI \*\*

# A Letter from Garcia

March 27, 1901.

#### DEAR FRA ELBERTUS:-

Not since your epoch-making "A Message to Garcia" has there been sounded a truer note than that "Chicago Tongue" sermon against knockers in the March PHILISTINE.

I am sorry, as a Chicagoan, that you called it "Chicago" Tongue, as there are too many true-hearted, broad-gauge men and women in this big city to make it just that the phrase should go down in dictionaries of the future to the discredit of brave, strenuous Chicago. For the phrase will live longer and travel farther and faster than the incident that gave it birth. However, your homily is timely and graphically true. I have been associated with four great corporations in my business career. The first was a leading Chicago daily, and your picture of the initiative of the novice by the chief knocker is a photograph. The paper was and is a hotbed of knockers-pessimists, disappointed men with a grievance against such of their fellows as keep their heads above the mire. Not one of these but knew better how to run the paper than the managing editor; not one but held the hard-working city editor in fine scorn; and the tales they told about each other were shocking to uninitiated ears. More than this, the whole atmosphere was one that negatived the good in man; that impugned the purest motives; that looked forever down and forgot that there was a starry sky above. I believe this shattering of ideals and the depression that follows, combined with long hours, trying work, and the reversal of day and night, is responsible for the besottment of so many young men who enter

the newspaper field full of hope and promise.

My next experience was with a very large manufacturing concern, and the knockers were far worse there than on the newspaper. The whole place stank with it -from the proprietor down to the day laborers. The owner of the business was responsible. He mistrusted the men who were helping him to make the business great—and they knew it. Responsibility he gave them. but no discretionary powers. Tale-bearers were encouraged and their "Chicago Tongue" given credence. The result was that the proprietor, though immensely wealthy and at heart a nobleman, was a thoroughly unhappy man, driven this way and that by disturbing tales of new villainies on the part of his lieutenants. In the six years I was there I never heard of a word of commendation given by a superior to a subordinate for meritorious work, nor do I remember of hearing one equal speak well of another.

A third experience was in a department store. Cash girls knocked the clerks, clerks knocked the floor walkers and department managers, floor walkers & department managers knocked the responsible heads of the business; and yet there was not one of them all who was not given every opportunity and encouragement to make more of himself. The managers often mourned the fact that they were forced to go outside for men and women to take responsible positions, discussing possible candidates from the ranks but dismissing them regretfully for no other reason than that they demonstrated their lack of loyalty by puerile criticisms of

their superiors.

My fourth experience is the exception that proves your rule. A big brain and heart at the head will not tolerate tale-bearing or knocking and every man and woman



is given initiative responsibility and encouraged to "do things." The atmosphere is bracing and sunny—like an invigorating mountain breeze in God's own

sunlight.

Let me say that a review of the three firms above named will show that the knockers, almost without exception, knocked themselves ever downward on the pay-rolls and finally out altogether; while the men who were often less brilliant but always more sane, steadily rose in position. This is even true, but in a less degree, with the firm whose head had not the moral courage to trust his subordinates.

I have seen a bat floundering round in a barn at noon. He flutters and booms and bangs his head against the rafters, making a great row and hurting only himself. A knocker is a human bat, blind in the daylight, sinister to look upon, frequently injuring others but hurt-

ing himself most grievously of all.

Biographers say that Mr. Harriman, the new railroad magnate, rose from an humble clerkship to the presidency of a great system in a remarkably short term of years, because he never had anything but good to say of his associates—superiors and inferiors. Amid the deafening din of a perpetual anvil chorus his voice was either silent or was tuned to the music of kindliness. He encouraged his subordinates, helped his equals, cheerfully and skillfully labored to carry out the instructions of his superiors. The result was that he rose year by year in position, not on the bodies of those about him, but supported by their willing hands. Meanwhile the bats and screech-owls floundered and knocked and screeched and by slow degrees committed business suicide.

I am glad you have opened up on the knocker, and I know of nothing that would do more to disinfect and

neutralize the moral putrefaction in large business houses than the administration quantum sat. of the March PHILISTINE.

Yours Sincerely,

R. R. SHUMAN.

1610 Ashland Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Rag Carpets The Old Fashioned kind Woven roy-croftie—stout, durable, beautiful—in East Aurora by Roycroft girls (seventy years young). Rugs in three yard lengths, price Three Dollars, or in quantities, One Dollar a yard. Address The Roycroft Shop, East Aurora, New York

## CHICAGO TONGUE

THE PREACHMENT by FRA ELBERTUS BEARING THE ABOVE TITLE, WHICH APPEARED IN THE PHILISTINE FOR MARCH, &
BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT SIMULTANEOUSLY IN THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT,
CAUSED ALL EXTRA COPIES OF THESE PUBLICATIONS TO BE EXHAUSTED VERY SHORTLY. IN RESPONSE TO REPEATED REQUESTS
WE HAVE REPRINTED THE ARTICLE IN PAMPHLET SHAPE. PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS
EACH, OR TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS A HUNDRED. A FEW COPIES ON HAND-MADE PAPER, BOUND IN BOARDS, ONE DOLLAR EACH.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

A Comment

# Little Journeys

To the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

## Series of 1901

## EDITION DE LUXE @ @

Each bound in limp chamois, silk lined, with silk marker, frontispiece portrait in photogravure on Imperial Japan. Initials & title page hand illumined, the book signed & numbered by the author.

THE TWELVE VOLUMES, \$10.00 SINGLE NUMBERS, 1.00

This Special Edition is Limited to One Thousand Copies of Each Subject

THE ROYCROFTERS East Aurora New York

# LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

# SEBASTIAN BACH

Vol. VIII. MAY, 1901. No. 5.

By ELBERT HUBBARD





Single Copies, 25 cents

By the Year, \$3.00

# Little Journeys

to the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

By ELBERT HUBBARD

## Series of 1901

The subjects will be in the following order:

- r. WAGNER
- 2. PAGANINI
- 3. CHOPIN
- 4. MOZART
- 5. BACH
- 6. MENDELSSOHN

- 7. LISZT
- 8. BEETHOVEN
- q. HAYDN
- 10 VERDI
- 11. SCHUMANN
- 12. BRAHMS

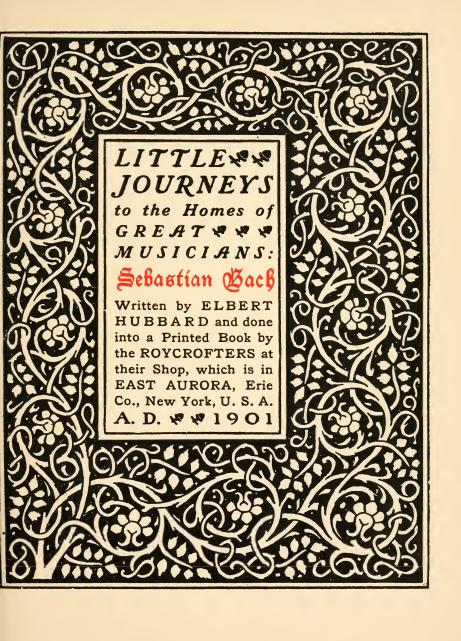
One booklet a month will be issued as usual, beginning January 1st.

The LITTLE JOURNEYS for 1901 will be strictly de luxe in form and workmanship. The type will be a new set of antique black face; the initials designed especially for this work; a frontispiece photogravure portrait from the original drawing made at our shop in each on Japan Vellum. The booklets stitched by hand with silk.

The price—25 cents each, or \$3.00 for the year.

### THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.

Entered at the Postoffice at East Aurora, New York, for transmission as second-class mail matter. Copyright, 1901, by Elbert Hubbard.





The name of Bach would have been famous in musical history without John Sebastian, but with his name added, it becomes the most illustrious that the world has ever known. Bach had many pupils, but none surpassed his own sons, six of whom became great musicians, but with these the musical faculty died.

-SIR HUBERT PARRY.



## SEBASTIAN BACH







Bach



HE art of to-day is imitative. Once SEBASTIAN men had convictions, but we have BACH

men had convictions, but we have only opinions, and these are usually borrowed. The artificiality of life, and the rush & the worry afford no time for great desires to possess our souls. We average well, but no Colossus looms large above the crowd & goes his solitary way unmindful of the throng: we look alike, act alike, think alike, and in order that the likeness may be complete we dress alike. To wear a hat of your own selection or voice thoughts of your own thinking is to invite unseemly mirth, and finally, scorn and contumely.

The great creators were solitary, rural in their instincts, ignorant and heedless of what the world was saying and doing. They were men of deep convictions and enthusiasms, unmindful of laughter or ridicule, caring little even for approbation No "boom town" can possibly produce a genius: it only fosters sundry small Napoleons of finance. America is a nation of boomers—financial, political, social and theological.

SEBASTIAN We have sarcasm and cynicism, and we possess much BACH that is clever, all produced by snatches of success, well mixed with disappointment and the bitterness which much contact with the world is sure to evolve. Our age that goes everywhere, knows everybody's business, & religiously reads only "the last edition," produces a Bill Nye, a Sam Jones, a Teddy Roosevelt, a De-

Witt Talmage, a Hopkinson Smith, a Sam Walter Foss, a Victor Herbert; but it is not at all likely to produce a Praxiteles, a Michael Angelo, a Rembrandt, a Fenelon, an Emanuel Kant or a John Sebastian Bach.





HAT Shakespeare is to litera- SEBASTIAN

ture; Rembrandt to portrait BACH painting; and Michael Angelo to sculpture. John Sebastian Bach is to organ music. He was the greatest organist of his time, and his equal has not yet been produced, though nearly three hundred years have passed since his death. "The organ

reached perfection at the hands of Bach," says Haweis. As a composer for the organ Bach stands secure—his position is at the head, and it is absolutely unassailable.

In point of temperament and disposition Bach bears a closer resemblance to Angelo than to either of the others whose names I have mentioned. He was stern. strong, self-contained and so deeply religious that he was not only a Christian but a good deal of a pagan as well. A homely man was Bach-quiet, simple in tastes and blunt in speech.

The earnest way in which this plain, unpretentious man focused upon his life-work and raised organ music to the highest point of art, must command the sincere admiration of every lover of honest endeavor.

Bach was so great that he had no artistic jealousy, no whim, and when harshly and unjustly criticised he did not concern himself enough with the quibblers to reply. He made neither apologies nor explanations. SEBASTIAN The man who thus allows his life to justify itself, and BACH lets his work speak, and who, when reviled reviles not again, must be a very great and lofty soul.

Bach was a villager and a rustic, and like Jean Francois Millet used to hoe in his garden, trim the vines, play with his children, putting them to bed at night, or in the day cease from his work to cut slices of brown bread which he would spread with honey for the heedless little importuner, who had interrupted the making of a chorale that was to charm the centuries. At times he would leave his composing to help his wife with her household duties-to wash dishes, sweep the room or care for a peevish, fretful child. After the evening prayer, like Millet, again, when his household were all abed, he would often walk out into the night alone, and traverse his solitary way along a wintry road, through the woods or by the winding river, a dim, misty, shadowy figure, spectral as the "Sower," lonely as the "Fagot-gatherer," talking to himself, mayhap, and communing with his Maker :-

When he traveled from one village or city to another to attend musical gatherings, in his later years, he was always accompanied by one or more of his sons. His ambition was centered on his children, and his hope was in them. And yet nothing has been added to either organ building, organ playing or composition for the organ since his time. He never knew, any more than Shakespeare knew, that he had set a pace that

would never be equaled. He would have stood aghast
with incredulity had he been told that centuries would
come and go and his name be acclaimed as Master Such was Sebastian Bach—simple, modest, unaffected, polite, generous, almost shy—doing
his work and doing it as well as he could,
living one day at a time, loving his
friends, forgetting his enemies.

His heart was filled with such
melodies that their echo is
a blessing & a benediction to us yet.



ART LIVES.

### SEBASTIAN BACH



EREDITY is that law of our being which provides that a man shall resemble his grand-father—or not. The Bach family has supplied the believers in heredity more good raw material in way of argument than any dozen other families known to history, combined. The Herschels with three as-

tronomers to their credit, or the Beechers with half a dozen great preachers, are scarcely worth mentioning when we remember the Bachs, who for two hundred and fifty years sounded the A for nearly all Germany. The earliest known member of this musical family was Vert Bach, who was born about 1550. He was a miller and baker by trade, but devoted so much time to playing at dances, rehearsing for church festivals, and attending gypsy musical performances that his milling business never prospered and nobody called him "Pillsbury."

This man had a son by the name of Hans, who was a weaver and a right merry wight who traveled over the country attending weddings, christenings and such-like festivals, playing upon a fiddle of his own construction. So famous was Hans Bach that his name lives in legend and folk-lore, wherein it is related that often betimes when he arrived at a village, the word would be passed and the whole population

would quit work and caper on the green & So luring SEBASTIAN was his fiddle, and so potent his voice in song and BACH story that in a few instances preachers with long faces warned their flocks against him; and once we find a country Dogberry had his minions lay the innocent Hans by the heels and give him a taste of the stocks, simply because he seduced a party of havmakers into following him off to a dance at a tavern, and in the meantime a storm coming up, the hay got wet. Poor Hans protested that he had nothing to do with the storm, but his excuses were construed as proof of guilt and went for naught.

At last in his wanderings, Hans found a buxom lass who was willing to take him for better or worse. And they were married and lived happily, or fairly so, ever afterward

Marriage sobered the fun-loving fiddler so that he settled down and worked at his weaving; and at odd hours made himself a bass viol that looked to be father of all the fiddles. In Eisnach I was told that this viol was ten feet high. Hans used to play this instrument at the village church, & his playing drew such crowds that the preacher had just cause for jealousy, and improved the opportunity, yet stifling his rage, he ordered the verger to lock the doors and allow no one to depart until after the sermon and collection.

A goodly family was born to Hans and his worthy wife, and all were trained in music, so that an orchestra was formed, made up of the father, mother, and

SEBASTIAN boys and girls. All the instruments used were made BACH by Hans, and these included marvelous fiddles, some with twenty strings and others with one; wooden wind instruments like flutes, and drums to match the size of the players, some of whom were wee toddlers. It is said that the music this orchestra made was more or less unique.

> But the best part of all this musical exploitation of Hans was that one of his boys, Heinrich by name, applied himself so diligently to the art that he became the organist in the village church, and then was called to play the great organ at Arnstadt. Heinrich was not a roysterer like his father: he was a man of education and dignity. He composed many pieces, and trained his choruses so well that his fame went abroad as the chief musician of all Thuringia. He held his position at Arnstadt for fifty years, and died in 1692, at which time, John Sebastian Bach, his nephew, was seven years old

> Heinrich Bach in his day was known as the "Great Bach," and he had two sons who were nearly as famous as himself and would have been quite so, were it not for the fact that they had a cousin by the name of John Sebastian.

> John Sebastian was a son of John Ambrosius, a brother of Heinrich, and John Ambrosius, of course, a son of the merry Hans & John Ambrosius was a musician, too, but did not distinguish himself especially in this line. His distinction lies in the fact that he was the

father of John Sebastian, and this is quite enough for SEBASTIAN any one man, even if Gail Hamilton did once protest BACH that the office of male parent was insignificant and devoid of honor.

John Ambrosius was a shiftless kind of fellow who drank much beer out of an earthen pot, and whittled out fiddles, sitting on a bench in the sun. He sort of let his family shift for themselves. Heinrich Bach, his brother, used to speak of him as one of his "poor relations," but at the annual Bach family festival, when a full hundred Bachs gathered to sing and play, John Ambrosius would attend and play on a flute or fiddle and prove that he was worthy of the name.

On one such annual reunion he took his little boy, John Sebastian, eight years old. The boy's mother had died a year or so before, and after the mother's death the father seemed to think more of his children than ever before—which is often the case, I'm told. They walked the distance, about forty miles, in two days, to where the festival occurred. It was one of the white milestones in the boy's life—that trip with its revelation of sleeping in barns, dining by the wayside, singing, and playing on many instruments, all winding up with a solemn service at a great stone church, where the preacher gave them his benediction, and the company separated with tears, handshakings and embracings, to meet again the next year. John Ambrosius did not attend the next reunion. Before the spring had come and birds sang blithely, a

SEBASTIAN band composed of twenty-five Bachs played funeral BACH dirges at his grave—and little John Sebastian was an orphan

John Sebastian's elder brother, Christoph, who had married a few years before and moved away, attended the funeral, and when he went back home he took little John Sebastian with him—there was no other place to go The lad was allowed to take one thing with him as a remembrance of the home that he was now leaving forever—his father's violin in a green bag, with a leathern drawstring. On the bag were his father's initials, woven into the cloth by the boy's mother—a present from sweetheart to lover before their marriage.

Christoph was a musician, too, and a prosperous fellow—quite the antithesis of his father. It takes a lot of love to bring up a child, and the miracle of mother-love is a constant wonder to every thinking person. Without mother-love how would the cross-grained, perverse little tyrant ever survive the buffets which the world is sure to give? It is love that makes existence possible.

Christoph wished to be kind to his little brother, but it was a kindness of the head and not of the heart. Only an hour a day was allowed the boy for playing on the violin he had brought in the green bag, because Christoph and his wife "did not want to hear the noise." Then when the boy stole off to the forest and played there, he was way-laid on the way home and

well cuffed for disobeying orders. All this seems very SEBASTIAN much like the Goneril and Cordelia business, or the BACH history of Cinderella, but as John Sebastian told it himself in the after years we have reason to believe it was not fiction.

Little John Sebastian had been his father's favorite, and this fact perhaps made Christoph fear the boy was going to tread in his father's lazy footsteps. So he set about to discipline the lad.

It must be admitted that old John Ambrosius Bach, who whittled out fiddles in the sun, and who drank much beer out of an earthen pot, was shiftless, but it further seems that he was tender-hearted and kind and took much interest in teaching Sebastian to play the violin, even while the child wore dresses And sometimes I think it is really better, if you have to choose, to drink beer out of an earthen pot and be kind and gentle, than to have a sharp nose for other folk's faults and be continually trying to pinch and prod the old world into the straight and narrow path of virtue. Yet there is wisdom in all folly, and I can plainly see that the prohibition concerning little Sebastian's playing the violin only an hour a day-mind you! was not without its benefits. Surely it would often be a wise bit of diplomacy on part of the teacher to order the pupil not to study his arithmetic lesson but an hour a day, on penalty. Of course it might happen occasionally that the pupil in an earnest desire to please. might not study at all, yet there are exceptions to all

# SEBASTIAN rules, and we must remember that when Tom Sawyer BACH forbade the boys using his whitewash brush, the scheme worked well.

One instance, however, might be cited where the law of compensation seems really to have stood no chance. Christoph had a goodly musical library and a collection of the best organ music that had been produced up to that time. He kept this music in a case, and carried the key to the case in his own pocket. On rare occasions he had shown bits of this music to Sebastian, who read music like print when it is easy. The boy devoured all the music he could lay his hands on. and hummed it over to himself until every note and accent was fixed in his memory. He dearly wanted to examine that music in the locked-up case, but his brother declared his ambition nonsense-he was too young. But the boy contrived a way to pick the lockfor a music-lover laughs at locksmiths-and at night when all the household were safely in bed, he would steal down stairs in his bare feet and get a sheet of the music and copy it off by moonlight, sitting in the deep ledge of the window. Thus did he work for six months, whenever the moon shone bright enough to read the lines and signs and marks. But alas! one day the elder brother was rummaging around the boy's room in search of things contraband and he pounced upon the portfolio of copied music. He summoned the offender into his presence. The facts were admitted, and John Sebastian had his bare legs well tingled with

an apple sprout. Then the portfolio was confiscated SEBASTIAN and carried away, despite of pleadings, promises and BACH tears. And the question still remains whether "discipline" is not a matter of gratification to the person in power rather than a sincere and honest attempt to benefit the person disciplined.

However, John Sebastian Bach was working out his own education: he belonged to the boy's chorus at Ohrdruf, as all the boys in the vicinity did. Music in every German village was an important item, and the best singers and best behaved members of the village choir were set apart as a sort of select choir—a choir within a choir-and were often gathered together to sing on special occasions at weddings and festivals. John Sebastian had a sweet, well modulated voice, and wherever he was to sing he carried his violin in the green bag, so he could play, too, if needed. Thus he played and sang at serenades, just as did Martin Luther, years before, in John Sebastian's own native town of Eisenach.

John Sebastian's fame grew until it reached to Luneburg, twelve miles away, and he was invited there to sing in the choir of St. Michael's. The pay he received was very slight, but that was not to be considered. An occasional bowl of soup and piece of rye bread, and the privilege of sleeping in the organ loft, all combined with freedom, made his paradise complete. He played sometimes on the harpsichord in the pastor's study, and occasionally the organist, who could not help

SEBASTIAN loving such a music-loving boy, would allow him to BACH try the big organ, and at every service he was present to play his violin, or if any of the other players were absent he would just fill in and play any instrument desired war

> Then we hear of him trudging off to Hamburg, over a hundred miles away, with only a few coppers in his pocket, to hear the great organist Reinke. He slept in cattle sheds by the way, played his violin at taverns for something to eat, or plainly stated his case to sympathetic cooks at back doors. One instance he has recorded when all the world seemed to frown. He had trudged all day, with nothing to eat, and at evening had sat him down near the open window of an inn, from which came savory smells of supper. As he sat there, suddenly there were thrown out a couple of small dried herrings. The hungry boy eagerly seized upon them, just as a dog would & But what was his surprise to find, as he gnawed, in the mouth of each fish a piece of silver! Some one had read the story of St. Peter to a purpose. Young Bach looked in vain for a person to thank, but perceiving no one, he took it as the act of God and an omen that his pilgrimage to hear the great organist should not be in vain.

> The wonders of Reinke's playing and the marvel of the mighty music filled his soul with awe, and fired his ambition to do a like performance.

> Did the great Reinke know as he played that bright Sabbath morning, filling the cathedral with thunders

of echoing bass, or sounds of sweet, subtle melody- SEBASTIAN did he know that away back in the throng stood a BACH dusty, tawny-haired boy who had tramped a hundred miles just for this event? And did the organist guess as he played that he was inspiring a human soul to do a grand and wondrous work, and live a life whose influence should be deathless? Probably not-few men indeed know when virtue has gone out of them. Perhaps Reinke was playing just to suit himself, and had purposely put the unappreciative, lazy, sleepy occupants of the pews out of his thought, all unmindful that there was one among a thousand, back behind a pillar, dusty and worn, but now unconsciously refreshed and oblivious to all save the playing of the great organ. There stood the boy bathed in sweet sounds, with streaming eyes and responsive heart.

His inward emotions supplemented the outward melody, for music demands a listener, and at the last is a matter of soul, not sound: its appeal being to a harmony that dwells within. So played Reinke, and back by the door, peering from behind a pillar, stood the boy.



### SEBASTIAN BACH



EBASTIAN BACH was such a useful member of the choir at Luneburg that the town musician from Weimar, who happened to be journeying that way, induced him to go home with him as assistant organist.

This was a definite move in the direction of fame and fortune.

Men who can make themselves useful are needed—there is ever a search for such. They wanted Bach at Weimar. John Sebastian Bach, aged eighteen, was wanted because he did his work well.

After three or four months at Weimar he made a visit to Arnstadt where his uncle had so long been organist. His name at Arnstadt was a name to conjure with, and in fact throughout all that part of the country whenever a man proved to be a musician of worth and power, the people out of compliment called him "Bach."

John Sebastian was invited to play for the people, and all were so delighted that they insisted he should come and fill the place made vacant by the death of the "Great Bach."

So he came and was duly installed.

And the young man drilled his chorus, wrote cantatas, and arranged chants and hymns. But he was far from contented. He was being pushed on by a noble unrest. It was not long before we find him packing off to

Denmark, with little ceremony, to listen to the play- SEBASTIAN ing of Buxtehude, the greatest player of his age BACH Bach had been quite content to tiptoe into the church when Reinke played, grateful for the privilege of listening, half expecting to be thrust out as an interloper. But he had gained confidence since then, and now introduced himself to Buxtehude and was greeted by the octogenarian as a brother and equal, although sixty years divided them A His visit extended itself from one week to two, and then to a month or more, and a message came from his employers that if he expected to hold his place he had better return.

Bach's visit to Buxtehude formed another white milestone in his career. He came back filled with enthusiasm and overflowing with ideas and plans that a single lifetime could not materialize. Those who have analyzed the work of Buxtehude and Bach tell us that there is a richness of counterpoint, a vigor of style, a fullness of harmony and a strong, glowing, daring quality that in some pieces is identical with both composers. In other words, Bach admired Buxtehude so much that for a time he wrote and played just like him, very much as Turner began by painting as near like Claude Lorraine as he possibly could. Genius has its prototype, and in all art there is to be found this apostolic succession. Bach first built on Reinke; next he transferred his allegiance to Buxtehude; from this he gradually developed courage and self-reliance until he fearlessly trusted himself in SEBASTIAN deep water, heedless of danger. And it is this fear-BACH less, self-reliant and self-sufficient quality that marks the work of every exceptional man in every line of art. "Here's to the man who dares," said Disraeli. All strong men begin by worshipping at a shrine, and if they continue to grow they shift their allegiance until they know only one altar and that is the Ideal which dwells in their own heart.







ND now behold how Heinrich SEBASTIAN Bach had educated his people BACH into the belief that there was only one way to play, and that was as he did. It is not at all probable that Heinrich had put forward any claims of perfection, but the people regarded his playing as high-water mark, and any variation from his

standards was considered fantastic and absurd.

In all of the old German Protestant churches are records kept giving the exact history of the church. You can tell for two hundred years back, just when an organist was hired or dismissed; when a preacher came and when he went away, with minute mention as to reasons.

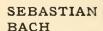
And so we find in the records of the Church at Arnstadt that the organist, John Sebastian Bach, took a vacation without leave in the year 1705, and further when he returned his playing was "fantastical." The Consistory expressed echoing groans of dissatisfaction with the young man's compositions. A list of charges was drawn up against him, one of which runs as follows: "We charge him with a habit of making surprising variations in the chorales, and intermixing divers strange sounds, so that thereby the congregation was confounded." Bach's answers are filed with the original charges, and are all very brief and subSEBASTIAN missive. In some instances he simply pleads guilty, BACH not thinking it worth while, strong man that he was, to either apologize or explain.

But the most damning count brought against him was this: "We further charge him with introducing into the choir loft a Stranger Maiden, who made music." To this, young Bach makes no reply. Brave boy! The sequel is shown that in a few weeks he was married to this "Stranger Maiden," who was his cousin. She was a Bach, too, a descendent of the merry Hans, and John Sebastian evidently considered it proper and right that she should play the organ if she wished to. But great was the horror of the staid and proper Arnstadtites that a woman should play a church organ. Mein Gott in Himmel—a woman might be occupying the pulpit next!

John Sebastian's indifference to criticism is partially explained by the fact that he was in correspondence with the Consistory at Muhlhausen, and also with the Duke Wilhelm Ernest, of Saxe-Weimar. Both Muhl-

hausen and Weimar wanted his services. Under such conditions men have ever been known to invite a rupture—let us hope that John Sebastian Bach was not quite so human.







ICHAEL ANGELO never mar- SEBASTIAN ried, but Bach held averages BACH good by marrying twice. He was the father of just twenty children. His first wife was a woman with well defined musical tastes. as was meet in one with such an illustrious musical pedigree. It was n't the fashion then to

educate women, and one biographer expresses a doubt as to whether Bach's first wife was able to read and write. To read and write are rather cheap accomplishments, though & Last year I met several excellent specimens of manhood in the Tennessee Mountains who could do neither, yet these men had a goodly hold on the eternal verities.

We know that Bach's wife had a thorough sympathy with his work, and that he used to sing or play his compositions to her, and when the children got big enough, they tried the new-made hymn tunes, too. These children sang before they could talk plain, and the result was that the two elder sons, Wilhelm Friedemann and Philipp Emmanuel, became musicians of marked ability. Half a dozen other sons became musicians also, but the two named above made valuable additions to the music fund of the world. Haydn has paid personal tribute to Emmanuel Bach, acknowledging his obligation to him, and expressing the belief that he was a greater man than his father.

SEBASTIAN & The nine years Bach spent at Weimar, under the BACH patronage of the Duke Wilhelm Ernest, were years rich in results. His office was that of Concert Master, and Leader of the Choir at the Ducal Chapel. The duties not being very exacting, he had plenty of time to foster his bent. Freed from all apprehension along the line of the bread and butter question he devoted himself untiringly to his work. It was here he developed that style of fingering that was to be followed by the players on the harpsichord and which further serves as the basis for our present manner of piano playing. Bach was the first man to make use of the thumb in organ playing, and I believe it was Mr. James Huneker who once said that "Bach discovered the human hand."

> Bach made a complete study of the mechanism of the organ, invented various arrangements for the better use of the pedals, and gave his ideas without stint to the makers of organs, who, it seems, were very glad to profit by them.

> Eventhen Weimar was a place of pilgrimage, although Goethe had not vet come to illumine it by his presence. But the traditions of Weimar have been musical and artistic for four hundred years, and this had its weight with Goethe when he decided to make it his home xxxx

> In Bach's day, pilgrims from afar used to come to attend the musical festivals given by the Duke of Saxe-Weimar; and these pilgrims would go home and

spread the name and fame of John Sebastian Bach. SEBASTIAN Many invitations used to come for him to go and play BACH at the installation of a new organ, or to superintend the construction of an organ, or to lead a chorus. Gradually his fame grew, and although he might have lived his life and ended his days there in the rural and peaceful quiet of Weimar, yet he hearkened to the voice and arose and went forth with his family into a place that afforded a wider scope for his powers.

As Kapellmeister to the Court at Kothen he had the direction of a large orchestra, and it seems also supervised a school of music.

When the Court moved about from place to place it was the custom to take the orchestra along in order to reveal to the natives along the way what good music really was. This was all quite on the order of the Duke of Mantua, who used to travel with a retinue of two hundred servants and attendants.

On one such occasion the Kothen Court went to Karlsbad. The visit extended itself to two months, and when Bach became impatient to return to his family, he was allowed to go in advance of the rest of the company. On reaching home he found his wife had died and been buried several weeks before.

It was a severe shock to the poor man, but fortunately there was more philosophy in his nature than romance, which is a marked trait in the German character. All this is plainly evidenced by the fact that in many German Churches when a good wife dies, the pastor, at

SEBASTIAN the funeral, as the best friend of the stricken husband, BACH casts his eyes over the congregation for a suitable successor to the deceased. And very often the funeral baked meats do coldly furnish forth the marriage feast. Man is made to mourn, but most widowers say but a year.

The prompt second marriage of Bach was certainly a compliment to the memory of his first wife, who was a most amiable helpmeet and friend. No soft sentiment disturbed the deep immersement of this man in his work. He was as business-like as Ralph Waldo Emerson who arranged his second marriage by correspondence and then drove over one afternoon in a buggy to bring home the promised bride, making notes by the way on the Over-Soul and man's place in the Universal Cosmos.

Events proved the wisdom of John Sebastian Bach's choice. His first wife filled his heart, but this one was not only to do as much, but often to guide his hand and brain. He was thirty-eight, with a brood of nine. Anna Magdalena was twenty-three, strong, fancy free, and was to increase the limit by a dozen, lacking one

As the years went by, Bach occasionally would arise in public places, and with uncovered head, thank God for the blessings He had bestowed upon him, especially in sending him such a wife.

Anna Magdalena Wulken was 'a singer of merit, a player on the harp and a person of education. She certainly had no seraglio notions of wanting to be SEBASTIAN petted and pampered and taken care of, or she would BACH not have assumed the office of step-mother to that big

not have assumed the office of step-mother to that big family and married a poor man. Bach never had time to make money. Very soon after their marriage Bach began to dictate music to his wife. A great many pieces can be seen in Leipsic and Berlin copied out in her fine, painstaking hand, with occasional interlinings by the master. Then other pieces written by him are amended by her, showing plainly that they worked together

As proof that this was no honeymoon whim, the collaboration continues for over a score of years, in spite of increasing domestic responsibilities.

From Kothen, Bach was called to Leipsic and elected by the municipal authorities Musical Director and Cantor of the Thomas School. For twenty-seven years he labored here, doing the work he liked best, and doing it in his own way. He escaped the pitfalls of petty jealousies, into which most men of artistic natures fall, by rising above them all. He accepted no insults; had no grievances against either man or fate; earnest, religious, simple—he filled the days with useful effort.

He was so well poised that when summoned by Frederick the Great to come and play before him, he took a year to finish certain work he had on hand before he went. And then he would have forgotten the engagement, had not his son, who was Chamber Musician to

SEBASTIAN the King, not insisted that he come. In the presence BACH of Frederick it was the King who was abashed, not he. He knew his kinship to Divinity so well that he did not even think to assert it. And surely he was one fit to stand in the presence of kings.

For number, variety and excellence, only two men can be named as his competitors: these are Mozart and Handel. But in point of performance, simplicity, and sterling manhood Bach stands alone.



SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF SEBASTIAN BACH, AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD, THE TITLE PAGE AND INITIALS BEING DESIGNED BY ROYCROFT ARTISTS & THE WHOLE DONE INTO A PRINTED BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS, AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, NEW YORK, IN THE MONTH OF MAY, IN THE YEAR MCMI # # # #

# When You Get Chere

You are within from half a minute to fifteen minutes of seventy-seven hotels, eighty-five clubs, and thirty-one theaters. All this, provided you arrive in the second city of the world at GRAND CENTRAL STATION, this being the Metropolitan terminus of the NEW YORK CENTRAL, which is the only trunk line whose trains enter the City of New York.



The following remark of an experienced traveler tells the whole story:

"For the excellence of its track, the speed of its trains, the safety and comfort of its patrons, the loveliness and variety of its scenery, the number and importance of its cities, and the uniformly correct character of its service, the NEW YORK CENTRAL is not surpassed by any similar institution on either side of the Atlantic."

# LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

## FELIX MENDELSSOHN

Vel. VIII. JUNE, 1901. No. 6.

By ELBERT HUBBARD

THE ALL FORK



Single Copies, 25 cents

By the Year, \$3.00

## Little Journeys

to the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

By ELBERT HUBBARD

## Series of 1901

The subjects will be in the following order:

- I. WAGNER
- 2. PAGANINI
- 3. CHOPIN
- 4. MOZART
- 5. BACH
- 6. MENDELSSOHN

- 7. LISZT
- 8. BEETHOVEN
- q. HAYDN
- 10 VERDI
- 11. SCHUMANN
- 12. BRAHMS

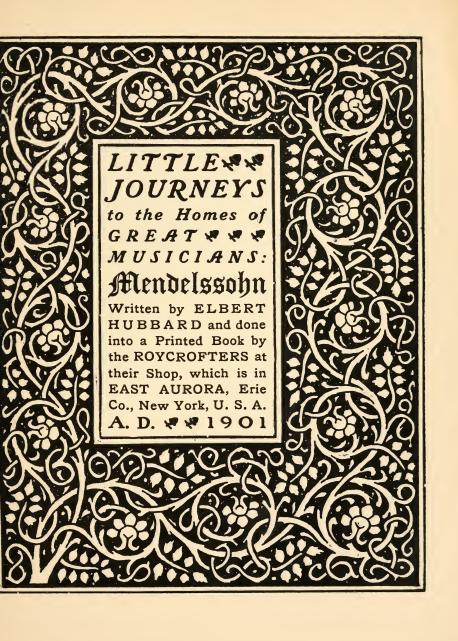
One booklet a month will be issued as usual, beginning January 1st.

The LITTLE JOURNEYS for 1901 will be strictly de luxe in form and workmanship. The type will be a new set of antique black face; the initials designed especially for this work; a frontispiece portrait from the original drawing made at our shop in each on Japan Vellum. The booklets stitched by hand with silk.

The price—25 cents each, or \$3.00 for the year.

## THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.

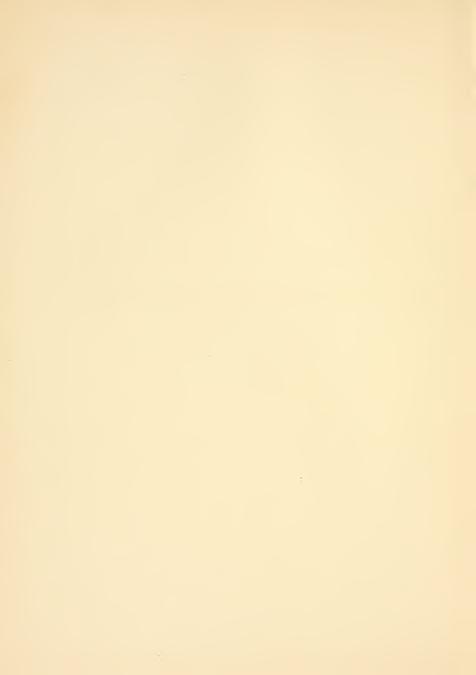
Entered at the Postoffice at East Aurora, New York, for transmission as second-class mail matter. Copyright, 1901, by Elbert Hubbard.



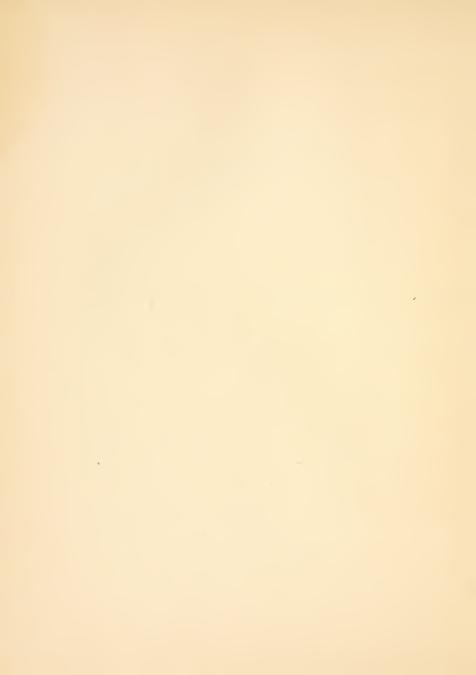


The correspondence of Goethe and Zelter displeases me. I always feel out of sorts when I have been reading it. Do you know that I am making great strides in water-colors? Schirmer comes to me every Saturday at eleven, and paints for two hours at a landscape, which he is going to make me a present of, because the subject occurred to him whilst I was playing the little "Rivulet" (which you know). It represents a fellow who saunters out of a dark forest into a sunny little nook; trees all about, with stems thick and thin; one has fallen right across the rivulet; the ground is carpeted with soft deep moss, full of ferns; there are stones garlanded with blackberry bushes; it is fine warm weather; the whole will be charming.

—Mendelssohn to Devrient.











Mendelssohn



ELIX MENDELSSOHN-BAR- FELIX MEN-THOLDY was born at Hamburg in DELSSOHN 1809, and died at Leipsic in 1847. Thirty-eight years is not a long life, but still it is long enough to do great things. Mendelssohn's career was a triumphal march. The road to success with him was no zigzag journey -from the first he went straight to the front. Whether as a baby he crowed in key, and cried to a onetwo-three melody, as his old nurse used to aver, is a little doubtful, possibly. But all agree that he was the most precocious musical genius that ever lived, excepting Mozart; and Goethe, who knew them both, declared that Mendelssohn's music bore the same relationship to Mozart's as the talk of a grown-up cultured person to the prattle of a child.

But then Goethe was not a musician, and sixty years had passed from the time Goethe saw Mozart before he met Mendelssohn. Goethe loved the brown-curled Jewish boy at sight; and whether he ever recovered from the taint of prejudice that most

# DELSSOHN

FELIX MEN- people feel when a prodigy is introduced, on meeting Mozart, is a question

> But who can wonder that the old poet's heart went out to the youthful Mendelssohn as soon as he saw him! He was a being to fill a poet's dream-such a youth as the old masters used to picture as the Christ when He confounded the wise men And then the painters posed this same type of boy as Daniel in the lion's den; and back in the days of Pericles the Greeks were fond of showing the beautiful youth, just approaching adolescence, in the nude, as the god of Love. When the face has all the soft beauty of a woman, and the figure slight, slender, lithe and graceful, carries only a suggestion of the masculine strength to come—then beauty is at perihelion. The "Eros" of Phidias was not the helpless, dumpy cherub "Cupid" -he was a slender-limbed boy of twelve who showed collar bone and revealed every rib.

> Beauty and strength of the highest type are never complete—their lure lies in a certain reserve, and behind all is a suggestion of unfoldment. Maturity is not the acme of beauty, because in maturity there is nothing more to hope for-only the uncompleted fills the heart, for from it we construct the Ideal.

> Goethe looked out of his window and seeing Felix Mendelssohn playing with the children, exclaimed to Zelter, "He is a Greek god in the germ, and I here solemnly protest against his wearing clothes."

> The words sound singularly like the remark of Doctor 138

Schneider, made ten years later, when Herr Doctor FELIX MENremoved the sheet that covered the dead body of DELSSOHN Goethe, and gazing upon the full-rounded limbs, the mighty chest, the columnar neck and the Jove-like head, exclaimed, "It is the body of a Greek god!" And the surgeons stood there in silent awe, forgetful of their task

Zelter, who introduced Mendelssohn to Goethe, was a fine old character, nearly as fine a type as Goethe himself. Heine once said, "Musicians constitute a third sex." And that there have been some unsexed, or at least unmanly men, who were great musicians. need not be denied. The art of music borders more closely upon the dim and mystic realms of the inspirational than any of the other arts. Music refuses to give up its secrets in a formula and at last eludes the sciolist with his ever ready theorem. But still, all musicians are not dreamers. Zelter, for one instance, was a most hard-headed, practical man: a positivist and mathematician with a turn for economics, and a Gradgrind for the fact. He was a stone mason, & worked at his trade at odd times all through his life, just because he felt it was every man's duty to work with his hands. Imagine Tolstoy playing the piano and composing instead of making shoes and you have Zelter.

This curious character was bound to the Mendelssohn family by his love for Moses Mendelssohn, the grandfather of Felix. Moses Mendel added the "sohn" in loving recognition of his father, just as "Bartholdy"

FELIX MEN- was added by the father of Felix in loving token DELSSOHN to his wife. It was the grandfather of Felix who first gave glory to the name. We sometimes forget that Moses Mendelssohn was one of the greatest thinkers Germany has produced—the man who summed up in his own head all the philosophy of the time and gave Spinoza to the world. This was the man to whom the erratic Zelter was bound in admiration, and when it was suggested that he teach musical composition to the grandchild of his idol, he accepted the post with zest &

> But there came a shade of disappointment to the grim and bearded Zelter when he failed to find a trace of resemblance between the child and the child's grandfather. The boy was sprightly, emotional, loving; and could play the piano from his tenth year better than Zelter. When Goethe teasingly suggested this fact Zelter replied, "You mean he plays different, not better." Goethe apologized.

> Yet the boy was not a philosopher, and this grieved Zelter who wanted him to be the grandson of his grandfather, and a musician, beside.

> The lad's skill in composition, however, soon turned the old teacher's fears into joy. Such a pupil he had never had before! And he did not reason it out that no one else had ever had, either. The child, like Chopin, read music before he read print, & improvised, merging one tune with another, bringing harmony out of hopeless chaos. Zelter followed, fearing success would

turn the boy's head-berating, scolding, encouraging, FELIX MENchiding-and all the time admiring and loving. The DELSSOHN pretty boy was not much frightened by the old man's rough ways, but seized upon such of the instruction as he needed and filled in the rest with his own peerless soul

The parents were astounded at such progress. At first they had wished merely to round out the boy's education with a proper amount of musical instruction, and now they reluctantly allowed the old teacher to have his way—the lad must make his career a musical one. The boy composed a cantata, which was given in the parlors of his parents' home, with an orchestra secured for the occasion. Felix stood on a chair and led his band of musicians with that solemn dignity which was his through life. Zelter grumbled, ridiculed and criticized—that was the way he showed his interest. He declared they were making a "Miss Nancy" of his pupil-saturating him with flattery, and he even threatened to resign his office-most certainly not intending to do so 🚜

It was about this time that Zelter threw out the hint that he was going down to Weimar to see his friend Goethe-would Felix like to go? Felix would be delighted, and when the boy's father and mother were interviewed, they were pleased, too, at the prospect of their boy making the acquaintance of the greatest poet of Germany. Felix was duly cautioned about how he should conduct himself. He promised, of course,

FELIX MEN. and also agreed to write a letter home every day, re-DELSSOHN cording the exact language that the author of "Werther" used in his presence.

> Goethe and the Carlylean Zelter had been cronies for years. The poet delighted in the company of the gruff old stone mason musician, and together they laughed at the world over their pipes and mugs. And sometimes, alas, they hotly argued and raised their voices in dunder and blitzen style, as Germans have been known to do. Yet they were friends, and the honest Zelter's yearly visits were as a godsend to the old poet who was often pestered to distraction by visitors who only voiced the conventional, the inconsequential and absurd. Here was a man who tried his steel .

> Now, Zelter had theories about teaching harmonytheories too finely spun for anyone but himself to grasp. Possibly he himself did not seize them very firmly, but only argued them in a vain attempt to clear the matter up in his own mind. The things we are not quite sure of are those upon which we insist.

> Goethe had pooh-poohed and smitten the table with his "stein" in denial.

> And now Zelter, the frank and bold, stealthily and by concocted plot and plan took his pupil, Felix Mendelssohn, with him on a visit to Weimar. He wanted to confound his antagonist and reveal by actual proof the success that could be achieved where correct methods of instruction were followed.

Jean Jacques had written a novel showing what right FELIX MENtheories, properly followed up, could do for his hero. DELSSOHN Zelter had done better—he exhibited the youth.

"A girl in boy's clothes, I do believe," said Goethe, with his usual banter, in the evening when a little company had gathered in the parlors. Felix sat on his teacher's knee, with his arms around the old man's neck, girl-like. "Does he play?" continued Goethe, going over and opening the piano.

"Oh, a little!" answered Zelter, indifferently.

The ladies insisted—they always had music when Zelter made them a visit.

"Come, make some noise and awaken the sleeping spirits that have so long lain slumbering!" ordered the old poet.

Zelter advanced to the piano and played a stiff, formal little tune of his own.

He arose and motioned to Felix.

"Play that!" said the teacher.

The child sat down, and with an impatient little gesture and a half smile at the audience played the piece exactly as Zelter had played it, with a certain drawling style that was all Zelter's own. It was so funny that the listeners burst into shouts of laughter. But the boy instantly restored order by striking the bass a strong stroke with both hands, running the scale, & weaving that simple little air into the most curious variations

For ten minutes he played, bringing in Zelter's little

# DELSSOHN

FELIX MEN- tune again and again, and then Zelter in a voice of pretended wrath cried "Cease that tin-pan drumming and play something worth while."

> Goethe arose, stroked the boy's pretty brown curls, kissed him on the forehead and said, "Yes, play something worth while. I know you two rogues-you have been practicing on that piece for a year, and now you pretend to be improvising-I'll see whether you can play!"

> And going to a portfolio he took out a manuscript piece of music written out in the fine, delicate hand of Mozart and placed it on the music rack of the piano. Felix played the piece as if it were his own. And then laying it aside, went back and played it through from memory 1000

> Then piece after piece was brought out for him to play and Zelter leaned back and by his manner said, "Oh, it is nothing!"

> And certainly it was nothing to the boy-he played with such ease that his talent was quite unknown to himself. He had not yet discovered that everyone could not produce music just as they could talk.

> Goethe's admiration for the boy was unbounded. The two weeks of his prescribed visit had expired, and Goethe begged for an extension of two weeks more. Every evening there was the little impromptu concert. After that Mendelssohn paid various visits to Weimar. Goethe's house was his home, and the affection between the old poet and the young musician was very

gentle and very firm. "All souls are of one age," says FELIX MEN-Swedenborg. Goethe was seventy-three, and Mendels- DELSSOHN sohn thirteen when they first met, but very soon they were as equals—boys together.

Goethe was a learner to the day of his passing: he wanted to know. In the presence of those who had followed certain themes further than he had, he was as an eager, curious child. When Goethe was seventyeight, and Mendelssohn eighteen, they spent another month together; and a regular program of instruction was laid out. Each morning at precisely nine they met for the poet's "music lesson," as Goethe called it, and Felix would play from some certain composer, showing the man's peculiar style, and the features that differentiated him from others. Goethe himself has recorded in his correspondence that it was Mendelssohn who taught him of Hengstenberg and Spontini, introduced him to Hegel's Æsthetics and revealed to him for the first time the wonders of Beethoven Can you not close your eyes and see them there—the mighty giant of fourscore, with his whitened locks, and the slight, slender, handsome boy?

The old man is seated in his arm chair, near the window that opens on the garden. The youth is at the piano and plays from time to time to illustrate his thought, then turns and talks and the old man nods in recognition. The boy sings and the old man chords in with a deep mellow bass which the years have not subdued.

FELIX MEN- When there are others present these two may romp,
DELSSOHN joke and talk much—masking their hearts by frivolity
—but together they sit in the silence, or speak only in
lowered voices as true lovers do. Their conversation is sparse, to the point: each mindful of
the dignity and worth that the other possesses: each recognizing the respect
that is due to a mind that knows
and a heart that feels. "All
souls are of one age."



ITH one exception, Mendelssohn FELIX MENwas unlike all the great composers DELSSOHN who lived before him-he was born in affluence: throughout his life all the money he could use was his. No struggle for recognition marked his growth. He never knew the pang of being misunderstood by the public he sought to

serve. Whether these things were to his lasting disadvantage, as many aver, will ever remain a question of opinion.

Mendelssohn was the culminating flower of a long line of exquisite culture. He was an orchid that does not reproduce itself. With him died the race. All that beauty of soul, the vivacity, candor, and sparkling gayety, with the nerved-up capacity for work, were but the flaring up of life ere it goes out in the night of death. Such men never found either a race or a school. They are comets that dash across the plane of our vision, obeying no orbit, leaving behind only a memory of blinding light.

The character of Mendelssohn was distinctly feminine and it follows that his music should be played by men and not by women, otherwise we get a suggestion of softness and tameness that is apt to pall. Man like Deity creates in his own image.

Sorrow had never pierced the heart of this prosperous and respectable person. He was never guilty of indis-

FELIX MEN- cretion or excess, and no demon of discontent haunted DELSSOHN his dreams

> In Mendelssohn's music we get no sense of Titanic power such as we feel when "Wagner" is played: no world problems vex us. The delicate, plaintive spiritual seductions of Chopin, who swept the keys with an insinuating gossamer touch, are not there. The brilliant extravaganzas of Liszt-passages illumined by living lightning—are wholly wanting. But in it all you feel the deep, measured pulse of a religious conviction that never halts nor doubts. There are grace, ease, beauty, sweetness and exquisite harmony everywhere. In the "St. Paul," as in his other oratorios. are such arias for the contralto as "But the Lord is mindful of His own;" for the bass, "God have mercy upon us," and for the tenor, "Be thou faithful unto death." These reveal pure and exalted melody of highest type. It uplifts but does not intoxicate. Spontaneity is sacrificed to perfection, and the lack of selfassertion allows us to keep our wits and admire sanely. Heinrich Heine, the Pagan Jew, once taunted Mendelssohn with being a Jew and yet conducting a "Passion Play." The gibe was a home-thrust and a cruel one, since Mendelssohn had neither the wit nor mental acuteness to avoid the pink of the man who was hated by Jew and Christian alike. Towards the exiled Heine, Mendelssohn had only a patronizing pity-" Why should any man offend the people in power?" he once asked.

Only the exiled can sympathize with the exile—only FELIX MENthe down-trodden and sore-oppressed understand the DELSSOHN outcast. Golgotha never came to Mendelssohn, and this was at once his blessing and misfortune. And the grim fact still remains that world-poets have never been "respectable," and that the saviors of the world are usually crucified between thieves.

In life Mendelssohn received every token of approbation that men can pay to other men. For him wealth waited, kings uncovered, laurel bloomed and blossomed, and love crowned all. His popularity was greater than that of any man of his time. He had no enemies, no detractors, no rivals—his pathway was literally and poetically strewn with roses.

What more can any man desire! Lasting fame and a name that never dies? Avaunt! but first know this, that immortality is reserved alone for those who have been despised and rejected of men.



### FELIX MEN-DELSSOHN



session of those who have either worn out, or never had, the capacity to sin •••••

Fortunately for Mendelssohn he never had it—he was ever the bright, joyous, gracious and beautiful being that his friends describe, and every one who met

him was his friend thereafter.

The character of "Seraphael" in the novel of "Charles Auchester," by Miss Sheppard, portrays Mendelssohn in a glowing, seraphic light. The book reveals the emotional qualities of a woman given over to her idol, and yet the man is Mendelssohn—he was equal to the best that could be said of him. The weakness of Miss Sheppard's book lies in the fact that she is so true to life that we tire of the goodness and beauty and long for a rogue to keep us company and break the pall of a sweetness that cloys.

The bitterest thing Mendelssohn ever said of a public performer was to describe a certain prima donna as acting like an "arrogant cook." All good orchestra leaders are supposed to have fine fits of frenzy when they tear their hair in wrath at the discordant braying of careless players But Mendelssohn never lost his temper. When his men played well, as soon as the piece was done he went among them shaking hands, congratulating and thanking them. This would have

been a great stroke of policy, in the eyes of a ground- FELIX MENling, for the action never failed to catch the audience, DELSSOHN and the applause was uproarious. At such times Mendelsschn seemed to fail in knowing the applause was for him, and appeared as one half dazed or embarrassed, when suddenly remembering where he was he would seize the nearest 'cello, violin, or oboe and drag the astonished man to the front to share the honors and bouquets. If this was artistry it was of a high order and should be ranked as art.

I once heard Henry Irving make a speech at Harvard University, and shall never forget the tremor in his voice and the half embarrassment of his manner. What could have been more complimentary to college striplings? And then, as usual, he looked helplessly about for Ellen Terry, and having located her, held out his hand toward her and led her to the front to receive the homage.

Tears filled my eyes. Was Irving's action art? Odds bodkins! I never thought of it: I was hypnotized and all swallowed up in loving admiration for Sir Henry and the beautiful Lady Ellen.

Mendelssohn was beloved by his players. First, because he never wrote parts that only seraphs of light could play. In this he was unlike Wagner, who could think such music as no brass, wood or strings could perform, and so was ever in torments of doubt and disappointment. Second, he was always grateful when his players did the best they could. Third, he was

FELIX MEN- graciously polite, even at rehearsals. The extent of DELSSOHN his inclination to rebuke was shown once when he abruptly rapped for silence, and when quiet came said to his orchestra, "I am sure that any one of the gentlemen present could write a symphony. I think, too. that you can all improve on the music of the pasteven that of Beethoven. But this afternoon we are playing Beethoven's music-will you oblige me?" And every man awoke to the necessity of putting the sweet, subtle, strong quality of the master into the work, instead of absent-mindedly sounding the notes, fighting blue bottles, and taking care merely not to get off key too much \*\*\*

> At the great Birmingham Festival several hundred ladies in the audience contrived at a given signal to shower the great Conductor with bouquets. And Mendelssohn entering into the spirit of the fun, dexterously caught the blossoms and tossed them to his players, not even forgetting the triangles and the boys who played the kettledrums.

> Bayard Taylor has described the lustrous brown eyes of Mendelssohn, that seemed to send rays of light into your own. "Such eyes are the possession of men who have seen heavenly visions. Genius shows itself in the eye. Those who looked into the eyes of Sir Walter Scott, Robert Burns or Lord Byron, always came away and told of it as an epoch in their lives. This was what I thought when I sat vis-a-vis with Felix Mendelssohn and looked into his eyes. I did not

hear his voice, for I was too intent on gazing into the FELIX MENfathomless depths of those splendid eyes. Eyes DELSSOHN
that mirrored infinity, eyes that had beheld
celestial glory. Little did I then think
that in two years those eyes
would close forever."



## FELIX MEN-DELSSOHN



HE sex-quality of Mendelssohn is finely revealed when, in a letter to Hensel, he says that his friends are advising him to marry, and he is on the lookout for a wife Ye gods! there is something very creepy about the thought of a man going out in cold blood to seek a wife. Only two kinds of men

search for a wife; one is the Turk, and the other is his antithesis, who is advised to marry for hygienic, prudential or sociologic reasons. John Ruskin was "advised" to marry and the matter was duly arranged for him. In a week he awoke to the hideousness of the condition. Six years elapsed before John Millais and Chief Justice Coleridge collaborated to set him free, but the cicatrix remained

The great books are those the authors had to write to get rid of; the only immortal songs are those sung because the singers could not help it. The best loved wife is the woman who was married because her lover had to marry her so as to get rid of her; the children that are born because they had to be are the ones that stock the race; and the love that cannot help itself is the only love that uplifts and inspires.

Felix Mendelssohn, the slight, joyous, girlish youth should have preserved his Cecilia-like virginity. He should have left marriage to those who were capable of nothing else; this would not have meant that he turn ascetic, for the ascetic is a voluptuary in disguise. FELIX MENHe should simply have been married to his work. The DELSSOHN
wonder is, though, that once the thought of marriage
was forced upon him, he did not marry a Hittite who
delighted in pork chops and tomato sauce, ordered
Guinness stout in public places, and disciplined him
as a genius should be disciplined.

Fate was kind, however, and the lady of his choice was nearly as æsthetic in face and form, as gentle and spirituelle, as himself. She never humiliated him by cackle, nor led him a merry chase after society's baubles. Her only wish was to please him and to do her wifely duty. They pooled their weaknesses, and it need not be stated that this, the only love in the life of

Mendelssohn, made not the slightest impress on his art, save to subdue it. The passing years brought domestic responsibilities, and the everyday trials of life chafed his soul, until the wasted body, grown tired before its time, refused to go on, and death set the spirit free.



## FELIX MEN-DELSSOHN



ENDELSSOHN made five visits to England, where his success was even greater than it was at home. He learned to express himself well in English, but always spoke with the precision and care that marks the educated foreigner. So the result was that he spoke really better "English" than the

English. The ease with which the Hebrew learns a language has been often noted and commented upon. Mendelssohn spoke German by preference, but was not at a loss to carry on conversation in French, Italian or English. His nature was especially cosmopolitan, and like the true aristocrat that he was, he was also a democrat, and at home in any society.

When invited by the Queen to call upon her at Buckingham Palace, he went alone, in his afternoon dress and sent in his card as a gentleman does when he calls upon a lady. Her Majesty greeted him at the door of her sitting room, and dismissed the servants. They met as equals. In compliment to her guest Victoria spoke only in German. The Queen, seeing the music rack was not in order, apologized, woman-like, for the appearance of the room and began to dust things in the usual housewifely fashion.

Mendelssohn, with that fine grace that never forsook him, assisted her in putting things to rights, and when the piano was opened, he proceeded to carry out two

pet parrots, laughingly explaining that if they were to FELIX MENhave music, it was well to insure against competition. DELSSOHN He sat down at the piano and played, without being asked, and sang a little song in English in graceful but unobtrusive compliment to the hostess. Then the Queen sang in German, he playing the accompaniment. And in his letter to his sister Fanny, telling her of all this, in his easy, gossipy, brotherly way, Felix adds that the Queen has a charming soprano voice, that only needs a little cultivation and practice to make her fit to take a leading part in "Elijah."

This was no joke to Felix—he only regretted that Victoria's official position was such that she could not spare enough time for music.

Albert did not appear upon the scene until Mendelssohn had extended his call to an hour, and was just ready to leave. The Prince Consort was too perfect a gentleman to obtrude when his wife was entertaining callers, but now he apologized for not knowing that the Meister had honored them—which we hope was a white lie. But, anyway, Felix consented to remain and play a few bars of the oratorio they had heard him conduct the night before. Then Albert sang a little, and Victoria insisted on making a cup of tea for the guest ere they parted. When he went away, Albert and Victoria both walked with him down the hall, and as he bade them good-bye, Victoria spoke the kindly "Auf wiedersehn."

In the story of her life, Victoria has in spirit corrobo-

FELIX MEN- rated this account of her meeting with Mendelssohn. DELSSOHN She refers to him as her dear friend and the friend of her husband, and pays incidentally a gentle tribute to his memory 1683

> The universal quality of Mendelssohn's knowledge, his fine forbearance, and diplomatic skill in leading conversation into safe and peaceful waters, were very marked. He was recognized by the King of Saxony as a king of art, and so was received into the household as an equal; and surely no man ever had a more kingly countenance. His body, however, seemed to lag behind, and was no match for his sublime spirit, But when fired by his position as Conductor, or when at the piano, the slender body was nerved to a point where it seemed all suppleness and sinewy strength.

> In his "Songs without Words," the spirit of the Master is best shown. There the grace, gentleness and sublimity of his soul are best mirrored. And if at

twilight you should hear his "On the Wings of Song" played by one who understands, perhaps you will feel his spirit near and divine the purity, kindliness and excellence of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.



SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN, AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD, THE TITLE PAGE AND INITIALS BEING DESIGNED BY ROYCROFT ARTISTS & THE WHOLE DONE INTO A PRINTED BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS, AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, NEW YORK, IN THE MONTH OF MAY, IN THE YEAR MCMI \*\* \*\* \*\*

\* 4

"Whosoever thinks a faultless piece to see, Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

If Pope had lived fifty years later than he did, he would have changed that generalization. His first cake of

# Pears'

Soap would have convinced him of his error.

Pears' Soap is not an expensive soap, and it is all soap, pure soap, nothing but soap. For toilet, bath and shaving, it is the best in the world, and has been so for more than a century.

All sorts of stores sell it; all sorts of people use it.



# Little Journeys

## TO THE HOMES OF ENGLISH AUTHORS

## Volumes VI & VII-New Series

Each book contains the following numbers:

Volume VI.
WILLIAM MORRIS
ROBERT BROWNING
ALFRED TENNYSON
ROBERT BURNS
JOHN MILTON
SAMUEL JOHNSON

Volume VII.
THOS. B. MACAULAY
LORD BYRON
JOSEPH ADDISON
ROBERT SOUTHEY
SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE
BENJAMIN DISRAELI

Portraits in photogravure on Japan paper of each subject, text on Roycroft water-mark, hand-made paper, initials & title-page hand illumined, bound in limp chamois—silk lined, gilt top. Edition limited to one thousand copies, numbered & signed by the author.

Price of volumes is Three Dollars each.
Subscribers who already have the above mentioned booklets in paper covers, may, if they choose, return the loose numbers to us by mail with remittance of Three Dollars, for binding, and the volumes will go forward.

## THE ROYCROFTERS

East Aurora, N. Y.











